TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

VOL XLVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880. NO. 42

Poetry.

STEP BY STEP.

BY DR. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered in greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light,
But our heart grows weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in the sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We must borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dream is the ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall;
But the dreams depart and the visions fall,
And the sleeper wakes on a pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN

"For Three Years, or During the War."

At Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,
Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

COPYRIGHT, 1880.

CHAPTER XLIX.

O'NEIL'S MISHAPS.

Among the thousands of Union soldiers who, from the decks of boats, the tops of trees and high points on the levees, eagerly watched the progress of the "Queen of the West" on her perilous voyage, there was none more anxiously observant than Lieut. O'Neil.

Tho he had said nothing, he was strongly opposed to Bronson and Karl's going upon the expedition. He was too much of an infantryman to have a high opinion of anything outside the line of duty of that arm of the service. He fulfilled to the letter the requirements of a model soldier of the present day, in believing his special arm to be invincible, and capable of anything that might be required of it. To his idea all that there was of military power worth paying any heed to was contained in the rifles and bayonets of men standing solidly on the firm ground in double ranks, and manuvering according to Hardee's tactics. Is this he had confidence that reached the limits of superstition. For the other arms his regard was so low as to frequently verge on contempt. Cavalry was the showy frippery of the army, and artillery its noisy bluster—both, doubtless, well enuf in their way, but hardly the places for a man of solid, genuine soldiership to desire to be in.

Naturally, therefore, he was hostile to such amphibious service as Karl and Bronson had gone upon. "It's nayther fish, flesh, fowl, nor yet good red herrin'," he was wont to say in disapproving former excursions off upon gun boat duty. "There's niver any good comes of a man's goin' outside of his loine of juty, as me father used to say, for, said he, 'In 39 years's service with the constabulary in foighting district of Ballincollig on the Lee, Oi niver got such a clip on me head as a young woman gave me for sayin' that the choild near her was the very image uv her husband. It happened to be the choild of a woman that she thot her husband almoired too much.'"

The desperateness of the adventure the "Queen of the West" started upon filled him with an alarm for the fate of his comrades that no enterprise in the proper scope of infantry duty could have caused. He would have seen them start at the head of a forlorn hope, to storm the guns on the hills, without a tremor of his firm nerves. That would have been a legitimate risk, such as an infantryman should be ready to take at the word of command and without a moment's thot of the consequences. But to attempt to make a run of seven miles past their muzzles in that flimsy craft, seemed to him such an act of unsoldierly folly as could not help meeting with the most disastrous consequences.

He placed himself at a point where he could see much that was to occur, and swept the field of view with a glass borrowed from the Major, whom prostration by the fever prevented from being among the spectators.

Despite his lack of love for the enterprize, he could not restrain his admiration as he saw the plucky little boat steer straight for the batteries, not swerving a hair from her course, for all of their grim threatening.

"Be me sowl," he said, to the group of Company A that had gathered around him, "that's as foine as anything as Oi iver saw done on the wather. It's almost as gran' as a rijimint marchin' up close column of divisions."

This was praise indeed. To him—as to every other infantryman—a regiment moving up to battle in close column of divisions is the most impressive of military sights. But as the plowed on, curling the turbid waters up in front of her swift prow—every minute bringing her closer the fearful muzzles of the guns, but without provoking a shot from them, his suspense became unendurable.

"Why in the name of the horned divil, whose bosom frinds they are, don't the dommed Ribil's foire?" said he, as he removed the glass for a moment, to wipe the water from his strained eyes. "Do the offscourin's o' hell want to get our min where they can just murder thim? Why don't they foire now, an' give thim a chance for their loives?"

He was so confident that the affair would be a failure that he hoped that it would be brot to an end with as little harm as possible, by a shot at long taw, which would disable the 'Queen," and compel her to come back.

"My God, there they go now," he said, and hastily replaced the glass, as all the Rebel guns belcht forth at once. 'Just as Oi feared, they have knockt the boat into kindlin' wood. Just say the paces uv her fly (it was the bales of cotton that he saw spinning off into the water). Oi'm sure there's not a soul lift aloive on board uv her. Why in God's name did Oi let Bronson an' Karl go?"

"I don't believe it's bad as that, Lieutenant," said another officer standing near, who was also looking through a glass. "She seems to be going ahead all right, and I see men at work fixing up the cotton bales."

"So they are; so they are; but this is only the beginnig. Oiron walls couldn't live thru such a foire as that, lit alone thin pine boards. There they go, again. This is just awful."

"But she seems to be still going ahead, all right," said the other officer, as the wind blew the smoke back upon the bluffs.

"But what's that?" he continued, with pale face; "she's swinging around. She floats down the current stern foremost. My God, she's disabled!"

"O mother of Heaven, hear the divils howl!" said O'Neil in anguish, as the delighted Rebels poured out of their works to stream down to where they that the boat was drifting ashore. "Lord save us, how Oi'd loike to give thim a volley at a hundred yards. But hold up! What's that? She's startin' up again! She's runnin' for the stameboat be the wharf. The Ribils are all scamperin' back to their holes, may God's curses light upon thim! The big guns open agin! The 'Quane' shtrokes the other shtame-o! Now they're both afire! The 'Quane' floats away, turns her head around and shtarts down shtrame. She's all afoire. Oi can say the min throwin' water on her! Now she's gone out of soight around the bend. Saints pray for us! How thim Ribil bastards are workin' thim guns. They'll not have a shplinter uv her afloat! My God, we'll niver say sythe uv those b'ys agin."

He put the glass down again, to wipe his eyes. There was more moisture in them now than could be accounted for by the strain of looking thru lenses.

"Well," said the other officer, "I rather take comfort from all that racket. As long as they keep up that terrible pounding I'm sure she's afloat, and in pretty good condition. They wouldn't hammer away so at a wreck."

O'Neil took some comfort from this, tho he could not bring himself to the belief that Karl and Bronson could be still alive, and while he listened to the roar of the artillery he began blaming himself for allowing them to go into action without him. It was the first time that this had occurred when they were all with the regiment. At length the weight of the firing came from the direction of the extreme lower end of the batteries, showing that the 'Queen" had gotten toward the end of her journey. Suddenly it ceast altogether. For long hours there was a terrible suspense. Had she got thru safely, or was she sunk at last?

"Oi can't stand this any longer," said O'Neil, handing the glass to one of the men, to take back to its owner. "Oi'm goin' to the other soide, and say what's become of thim, if Oi drown on the way."

Without farther explanation to anyone—without reporting his intention at Regimental Headquarters—thinking of nothing but whether his comrades were dead, or yet alive and so badly wounded as to need his assistance and care, he started off thru the mud, the ponds, and swamps for the lower side of the peninsula. It was a terrible journey. He came to places where the water was too deep for him to wade, and he had to float himself across on rafts hastily constructed out of such drift wood as he could get together. Twice he did this with success, and gained the firm ground on the opposite side without any more mishap than that which came from a thoro wetting in the cold water. But it had contained much time, and the short February day was coming rapidly to a close. His stout heart sank a little as he noticed that the shadows of night were closing down around him, while he was passing his laborious way thru a tangled swamp that was apparently still a considerable distance from the river. His shoes, soakt to yielding pulp by his long stay in the water, clogged his feet, and impeded his progress as much as the clinging briers and the stiff canes thru which he had to break.

At last, wearied nearly to the point of exhaustion, he reacht the edge of the river, and sat down on a log to rest and think. It was quite dark, and the prospect was sufficient to appal a less courageous man. In the windings and turnings he had been compelled to make he had lost his way, and now he had no idea where the camp he had come from lay, or where he would be likely to find the boat he had started out to reach. He had begun his journey with a vague idea that he would be lying somewhere along the shore within a short distance of where he would reach the other side of the Peninsula, and he could get to her as easily as he could make his way to one of the boats lying along the other shore. He had not thot of night coming upon him before he could cross the narrow tongue of land. Now he could not go back, if he desired to, and it seemed equally impossible to go ahead, even if he knew which way to go. Before him was the rushing current of the mighty river, never so savage and forbidding as it seemed now, as the noise of its swirling and beating against the trees and the bank came to his ears thru the dark night. The guard fires of the Rebels on the opposite side—nearly two miles away—lighted up slender strips of its somber bosom, to show it speeding along, it seemed with more than it's customary hungry violence. What to do he knew not. He was fearfully hungry, as well as worn out with fatigue, for he had eaten nothing since breakfast. And he was virtually unarmed, because the revolver he wore in his belt had been so water-soakt as to render the cartridges useless. This did not trouble him much, however, for he had no fears of attack, unless an alligator should choose to make a supper of him. The thot of this fate flasht over his mind, and what for a moment made it seem especially horrible was the remembrance that came with it of the habit of alligators of not devouring their prey immediately upon killing it, as other predaceous animals do, but of concealing it somewhere until the flesh putrefies, so that it can be readily masticated by the loathsome reptile's defective teeth. He shivered a little as the picture rose in his mind of his corpse being dragged to some hole in the bank by one of these hideous creatures, and left there until it rotted to the proper degree of "gameness" to be acceptable to the crocodilian appetite.

But his mind was turned from this by the sight of a lighton his side of the river, and a mile or so below him. He sprang up, and getting as far out on his log as possible, studied it carefully. It was surely that of a boat lying against the bank, and he believed it to be that of the "Queen of the West." He immediately started to walk down the bank toward it, his heart beating high with anticipations, that a few minutes later were dasht to the ground by his coming to a deep bayou which ran directly across his path and cut off farther progress in that direction. He walkt along its bank until he became convinced that he could not pass around it, and he returned to the river's side. As he did so he stumbled across what seemed to be a log, but, as he caught hold of it to rise again, he found it was a canoe, that had drifted up there at some previous high water. He hunkd around in vain for something that would serve as a paddle, but could find nothing better than a round, club like stick. With this he pusht out carefully from the shore in the canoe, trusting to the current to carry him to the vessel below. For a few minutes he sped along directly in the desired course, and five minutes more would have brot him directly alongside of the "Queen." He could already hear the sound of orders given, and distinguish enuf of the things on board to be sure that it was the boat he was in seach of. Suddenly his "dug-out" whirled about with such quickness as to almost upset itself, and began running in out toward the center of the river. Then it turned again, and shortly another change of direction took place, and it began running back toward the "Queen." After it had repeated this several times O'Neil began to realize that he had been caught in one of those huge eddies characteristic of the swift current of the Mississippi, and that his unmanageable craft might sweep around and around in that vicious circle for weeks or even months, for all that he could do to force it out of the whirl. He shouted till he was hoarse, in hopes of attracting the attention of some one on the ram, but the sound of his voice seemed drowned by the surging of the water before it got a dozen yards away. But when the stars showed him that it was near midnight the eddy released him as unexpectedly as it had grasp him, and sent his canoe spinning out into the main current, down which it began to float.

Away he went as fast as a five-mile current could propel his canoe. This was worse than the eddy. He had resigned himself to staying there till the morning, in the hope that daylight would reveal his condition to the people on the boat and bring him rescue. Now his fate could hardly be guessed at. He might be floated down the river even to the Gulf of Mexico, he might be overturned and eaten by a ravenous alligator, or he might be run down by a passing steamboat. While mentally debating the relative probability of these possibilities, his canoe was rapidly carried across the river, and O'Neil was horrified to notice that he was swiftly nearing a point on which a fire revealed the presence of a Rebel picket. His frantic efforts to paddle his canoe out farther into the stream with his club made a that roused the guard to attention, and he commanded a halt.

O'Neil sank down on the bottom of the canoe just in time to avoid the bullet that whistled over him on his failure to answer. The current carried his canoe almost to the sentinel's feet. At the sound of the rifle the Rebel's comrades sprang up from the ground about the fire where they were lying asleep. The man on duty explained in a few words that there was a canoe there with 'a Yankee spy" or "a runaway nigger" in it. They ran to the water's edge, hastily untied a skiff, and springing in, rowed out after O'Neil, who had gained but a short distance, tho he was beating the water frantically with his club in a vain effort to urge his canoe along. As they came alongside of him, he suddenly stood upright and struck savagely with his club at the foremost man. He had conceived the wild hope that he might perhaps overpower those in the skiff, get possession of it, and make his escape. But he had forgotten the cranky nature of his own craft. As he threw himself into his blow the canoe rolled out from under his feet like a round log in the water, and he sank into the river. The Rebels had calculated about where he would come up, and as he rose to the surface they caught him and pulled him into their skiff.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PENELOPE'S WEB.

From the Californian.

"Mona, I leave camp to-merrow."

"Yes—"

Reader, I leave it to you. Is there anything on earth more exasperating to a man than a woman's "Yes," when punctuated by a simple dash? Followed by an exclamation, it conveys to the listener a faint conviction of the speaker's frame of mind. It indicates surprise, and surprise too often betrays a carefully hidden secret. Interrogation implies a desire to learn more—invites confidence. The period carries with it at least this satisfaction: a definite understanding between the two parties has been attained, agreeable or otherwise, and there is nothing more to be said about it. But a dash may mean anything or nothing, as the case may be. Not exactly knowing what the case might be in the present instance, Henry Cameron mentally passed in review the possibilities and probabilities, and finally ventured a second remark:

"Is it your purpose that I shall go thence with my fate undecided? I have offered you my heart and hand, my home, my life—more than this is not in man's gift. Again I ask, will you be my wife? Mona, I demand a definite reply. You *must* answer me, yes or no."

"*I must?*" You rather anticipate your authority, Mr. Cameron."

A weak, pitiful subterfuge, and the girl felt it to be such the moment the words escaped her lips; but she would not gainsay them, even though she felt their import to be rightly conjectured. In these careless words Henry Cameron read his doom. The tender light died out of his eyes leaving hard and cold the face a moment since glowing with passion. With a woman's unerring perception, Miss Calvert saw at a glance the construction that had been put upon her words. A brief silence ensued, broken only by the soughing of the pines in the forest, and the musical cadence of the ever restless waters, upon whose banks they were seated.

"Thank you for relieving my suspense." Bitter sarcasm lurked beneath the courteous words. The weapon did not fail to hit its mark. The girl quivered under the sting.

"I presume," the voice grew yet more bitter as he continued, "your decision is ratified by your conscience. One moment," he interrupted, as Mona's lips parted as if in protest. "There is an hour in woman's life when she resists man's authority only for the pleasure of being reasoned into submission; she rebels against his wishes only for the satisfaction of being conquered by him she loves; but unless she, herself, invests him with the right to control her actions, to attempt it were presumption—to succeed, tyranny. That you resent my assumption of this right has been rendered clearly obvious to me in the tone of your voice. I can draw but one deduction. Well, that dream is ended." He could not suppress the sigh which trembled on his lips: then, laughing bitterly, he arose. "How I must have bored you this summer! It is too late to make amends for that, but I will spare your further infliction," and, touching his hat, he left the spot.

He had barely turned when his steps were arrested by hearing a merry peal of laughter—clear, ringing, effervescent laughter—such as, falling suddenly upon the ear, would leave one in doubt whether, after all, it were not the note of some woodland songster, or an echo from the mountain brook.

All this time Mona sat coldly passive. Her effort to explain matters having met with a rebuff she wrapped herself in a mantle of injured innocence, and deigned no reply to this outburst, which frightened, but at the same time amused her. She had just about made up her mind to accept, in all the dignity of pride, the situation as he had presented it, when she became forcibly struck with the ridiculousness of the whole scene. "The idea of a man's staking his life's weal or woe upon anything so mercurial as the tone of a woman's voice! What idiots men are, anyhow!" In this train of mental observation she chanced to stumble upon some reflection which appealed irresistibly to her risibles, and she laughed. This laugh had upon Henry Cameron's nerves—and muscles—the effect of an electric shock. Instantly he returned to the spot from which he had just effected an exit which would have crowned with laurels a magic muse.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, savagely. Had she considered the tone of his voice, she would have fled for her life, but, as it was, she merely replied, with absurd frankness:

"I am laughing at you."

"I am glad you find the subject so amusing," Cameron answered, wrathfully. "Mona Calvert, you are utterly devoid of a heart."

"I never considered myself in an anatomical light. When I am sufficiently at leisure, I will make a diagnosis of my case. Should I then discover that the organ referred to is wanting in my composition, I will inform you."

She looked so exasperatingly as she uttered these words that she well nigh maddened the man to whom they were addressed. This girl was a perpetual enigma to him. Now thoughtful, serious, and gentle, she seemed to him the personification of perfect womanhood; the next moment wayward as a spoiled child, full of whims and caprices, she mocked his sentiments, defied his lightest wish, pulled down, with a ruthless hand, his most cherished ideals. Ordinarily he could not himself have told in which of these moods he found her the most bewitching, but to-day pride and anger waged bitter warfare against love. He would not yield to the fascination. With keen intuition, Mona saw the conflict raging within his breast, and coolly decided the victory hers. She looked up into the dark face which lowered above her, and assumed an air of mock humility; but mirth crept out of the corners of her beautiful eyes, showed itself in the curved lips, and finally nestled contentedly in the dimpled cheeks. She had not uttered a syllable, yet she had succeeded in reducing to most abject slavery this man, who, a moment since, had angrily burst asunder the silken bonds with which she had held him enthralled. The smile on her face, like a ray of sunshine, had stolen into his heart, and scattered the clouds which had gathered, dark and threatening, on his brow.

"Would you like to know what I think of you, Mr. Cameron?"

"Yes."

Small encouragement, this, to proceed, but Mona was not a whit dismayed.

"I think you are a goose."

"You are at least frank in giving utterance to your opinion."

"Shall I prove it?" Without waiting for permission, she continued: "You make a magnanimous offer, and then fly off at a tangent, not knowing whether or no I intend to accept it. Evidently you are afraid that I may be tempted, and avail yourself of the first loophole to escape. How do you know that I do not wish to be reasoned into submission?"

Her love of teasing, her saucy daring, had carried her too far. In an instant she was clasped to his heart. His kisses rained on her lips, and brow, and hair.

Mona was a natural-born coquette, but her coquetry had never exceeded the bounds of perfect propriety. She was not in the habit of having young gentlemen fly at her, and kiss her in this audacious manner. For a moment this proceeding startled her out of all self possession; recovering it almost instantly, however, she freed her self from the clasp of Cameron's arms, and, drawing up to its utmost height her slight stature, she said, her voice trembling with emotion:

"You have taken an unwarrantable liberty!"

"Forgive me. I have no excuse to offer, but that the temptation was too great for weak human nature. Oh, my darling, why cannot my love find an echo in your heart?"

He did not say that she had tempted him, but her own heart condemned her. Yes, with her lay the blame rather than with him. This thought silenced the angry words on her lips—the lips which he had kissed.

"Mr. Cameron"—it was a serious voice which spoke to him now—"I forgive you, inasmuch as I feel that I am, in a measure, to blame. I did not suppose that you would take my lightly spoken words *au grand serieux*. You demand my answer—you shall have it. Shall it be final?"

There was no trace of gayety in the sober face uplifted to his. In the solemn brown eyes Cameron read that which made him answer:

"No; if you do not love me, I would rather wait a life time to win you," without appearing to notice the inconsistency of this remark. It was but a few moments since he had demanded "yes" or "no." Mona continued:

"When camp breaks up my aunt and I are going to old Michelet's cottage—you know he is the camp dairyman who lives on the mountain side. There we propose to spend the remainder of the summer. There you can come to me for your answer. Should I give it to you now, you would not be satisfied, for I do not love you, as I must love the man I marry. It is now July; when the grapes are ripe"—with a fearful grimace she bit one of the wild fox grapes which hung over her head—"you can come to me, not before. Should absence make the heart grow fonder"—the serious face relaxed into a smile—"then I will be your wife; but, understand me distinctly, I pledge myself to nothing. I shall answer as my heart dictates. Meanwhile, play that I am Undine, not yet possessed of a heart (though, I believe, a soul was the organ in which she found herself wanting), and who knows but that you may be the stranger knight so awaken it." Thus turning her serious words into merriment, the girl lightly sprang from the bank on to the little island in the stream.

A more exquisite personification of the fair being whose spirit she had evoked could scarcely be conceived. Over her soft gray robe, with artistic grace, she had festooned masses of a lighter shade, caught here and there with bunches of maiden hair and ferns. At her throat and belt were fastened clusters of the creamy azalea. The artistic blending of color could not but enhance the loveliness of delicately cut features, set in a frame-work of auburn hair. To complete the picture, the same hair should fall in waving masses to her feet, like a halo of glory; but our heroine was of a practical turn of mind, not given to incongruities. She did not propose to make a Miss Absolom of herself, so, before starting upon her daily rambles through the woods, she took care to put her crowning glory out of harm's way—in other words, she wore it in a low coil, which, we are fain to confess, was exceedingly becoming.

Reclining upon her mossy carpet, peeping saucily at her lover through her tent of verdure, wild grape-vine, and starry clematis, she seemed to him to have become etherealized, to have lost her own identity, in the lovely vision which she herself had so daringly conjured up. He trembled lest the silvery brook, which separated his loved one from him, would become metamorphosed, would assume the portentious shape of the malicious Kunedborn, and spirit her away from before his very eyes.

"Could anything be lovelier than this sunset, auntie? I should think the utter impossibility of doing justice to these mountain sunsets would convert aspiring artists and poets into lunatics. I am so glad that I can just simply enjoy it all, without feeling the necessity of conveying to the world the extent of my rapture. How delicious is this breeze, after such a scorching day! This is my conception of *dolce far niente*. I hate the thought of going back to the city—don't you, auntie?"

"Well, so, Mona," replied Mrs. Hartland to the last question. "I cannot say that my enthusiasm borders on asceticism—but, who is that on the trail?"

Mona looked in the direction indicated by her aunt.

"Apparently," said she, after gazing intently for a moment, "it is James' soliatary horseman winding his way down the mountain pass."

Was the rose tint on the girl's fair cheek the reflection of the sun's last warm rays?

"Time and place certainly give plausibility to your conjecture," was her aunt's reply. This laughing rejoinder was succeeded by an exclamation of delight;

"Why, Mona, it is Mr. Cameron! This gentleman had always been a favorite with Mrs. Haviland. She had long suspected his preference for her niece, but when camp life, with its manifold advantages, was productive of no visible result, she concluded he had received his dismissal. It was with real pleasure she now saw him advance.

"I believe it is he," was Mona's commonly

Little hypocrite—as though she were not fully aware that it was he! Had she not been momentarily expecting him for a week past? The grapes were ripe.

Mr. Cameron, for he it was, now approached, with friendly greeting. A warm welcome was accorded him by both ladies. After seeing that his horse was properly attended to, and making arrangements with old Michelet for his own accomodation, he joined the ladies in the low balcony, his arms full of books and papers. From the depths of a capacious packet he drew forth that luxury to country people, a box of French candy. They who have lived in the country, who have feasted for an indefinite period upon idealism and sentiment, alone can appreciate the exhilarating freshness which attends the influx of city life; they alone can know how replete with enjoyment is such an evening as our friends had in store for them.

"How delicious his breath from the real live world," as Mona laughingly expressed it—to her aunt's amusement, be it said, That lady could not but be struck by the girl's consistency, and eagely drew her own conclusions.

"Mona"—they are now in their old trysting-place on the banks of Moore's Creek. They had sauntered forth after breakfast. Insensibly, almost unconsciously, their steps had led them hitherto to "Undine's bower." In place of the mossy turf, which had disappeared with the fern and maiden hair, is a carpet of pine needles. The green canopy has been replaced by one of scarlet and gold, this the only perceptible change wrought by two months time—"Mona, the grapes are ripe."

He whispered this, as though afraid of imparting the precious secret to the birds twittering in the boughs overhead.

It was after a brief hesitation that her reply was spoken:

"Mr. Cameron, I do not affect to misunderstand you. I will be your wife. One moment"—as he was about to give expression to the raptures which her words called forth. "Listen to me. I will be your wife; but I tell you frankly that the love I feel for you is not what I had hoped it would be. It is not that self-absorbing passion which I had imagined was the only form of true love. In my heart I believe that I love you, else I would never have given utterance to these words; but"—her voice trembled perceptibly—"I am by no means sure. I have missed you; have longed for your presence. These signs might be rightly construed into evidences of love were it not that I have been strongly under the influence of association. How it would have been with me under different circumstances I cannot say. If you are satisfied—"

He did not allow her to say more. Folding his arms about her, he bent over the lovely face, and pressed upon her lips the solemn kiss. She did not resist his kisses now. It was his right; but there was a troubled look in the soft brown eyes, as he whispered:

"We will trust to time, my beloved, to intensify this love."

This their betrothal.

Days glided into weeks, weeks into months, and still Mona stayed on in the little cottage. Her lover chafed against the separation which this entailed. He was with her as often as practicable, but this did not satisfy his ardor. One day he said to her:

"What in the world are we waiting for? Why should our engagement be a protracted one? Thank heaven, there is no obstacle to our immediate union."

"Yes, there is; a serious one."

Seeing in Cameron's face a look of absolute terror, she added:

"I will tell you a secret;" and, sinking her voice to an impressive whisper, she said: "I am writing a novel."

"Writing a novel," he echoed; "well, what has that to do with the matter in hand?"

"Everything."

"I must confess that I am at a loss to see how. I did not know that the honor of marrying an authoress was in store for me; but since that is to be added to my other blessings, I will pay due deference to your literary proclivities; you shall immure yourself in books all through my business hours. I solemnly promise never to interfere, excepting when I am at home and want you for myself." And he fondly caressed the beautiful head which he had drawn to his bosom.

"That just proves how much a man knows about housekeeping. I suppose, sir, in placing me at the head of your establishment, you expect me to be an automaton, whose sole duty in life is to entertain your lordship out of business hours, when you are at leisure to be entertained." He laughed at her indignation, vehemently disclaiming all intention of converting his wife into a butterfly.

"But," with all seriousness, "you have not told me the name of your novel."

"I think," she answered, demurely, "I shall call it 'Penelope's Web.'"

"In the name of wonder, why?"

"Because I have attempted such a herculean task in trying to manufacture a hero. It is a kind of patch-work piece of business. I take a scrap of this man and a scrap of that, and weave them together, in the vain hope of making a perfect man; but, invariably, I have to ravel him out. Spite of everything I can do, he will have a made-over look. Anybody would know at a glance that he was made up of odds and ends. I am afraid the material with which I have had to work is at fault. Somehow, none of the pieces match, however perfect they may be in themselves. Now, can't you see how utterly impracticable would be my marriage at present."

"I cannot say that the obstacle appears to me overwhelming."

'Men are so obtuse!"—this with an indescribable air of resignation. "Listen to me. By chance I have stumbled across a hero in a degree *comme il faut*. So far, I have not had to insert a single patch, and my work is getting on famously; but the moment my Caesar steps off his pedestal, and goes to fishing round in unheard-of corners for the boots which he shows he put in their proper places, then I will be obliged to begin the raveling out process, and all my summer's work will have been completely thrown away."

'Mona, you are incorrigible. Wait until I get you back to the city; then I will marry you, in spite of yourself. Thank goodness, the rains will set in soon, and force you to leave this out-of-the-way place. Pope Valley is indisputably lovely, but it is too outrageously inaccessible."

After this every allusion to the subject of their marriage provoked from Mona some ridiculous pretext for delay. Finally, Cameron concluded it was wiser to let the matter rest in abeyance until her return to the city. This event, joyfully anticipated by the impatient lover, was now near at hand. The date of their departure was fixed for the first of October.

"Where is Miss Mona, Mrs. Haviland?"

"She is not feeling very well to-day, but I will tell her you are here."

Mrs. Haviland was about to go in quest of her niece, when that young lady entered the room. Cameron advanced to meet her, with a melodramatic air.

"'If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.' I have come to lead you out of your "Happy Valley.'" The tender associations connected with this spot could not reconcile Cameron to the distance. It was with unfeigned joy he had approached the cottage, as he felt, for the last time,

Receiving no response to his laughing salutation, he looked up in surprise. An exclamation of dismay burst from his lips as his eye rested on Mona's countenance. He had not seen her distinctly until now. The usually radiant face was colorless. The dark circles about her eyes, the tightly compressed lips, betrayed intense suffering.

To her lover's anxious inquiry, she replied:

"I have a terrible headache. I came in only to beg that you will excuse me to night. Then, turning to her aunt, 'It is nothing serious. I will be all right in the morning. All I want is sleep. Good night." As Cameron opened the door for her, she added, "I will see you in the morning."

At breakfast she joined them, asserting that she felt much better; but her looks belied her words. If possible, she was more ghastly white than when she parted from them the previous evening.

Turning to Cameron, as they left the breakfast room, she murmured:

"Come."

Alone among the pines, he held out his arms to her.

"What is it, my darling?"

She shrunk visibly from the caress. With a feeble attempt at the old manner, she replied:

"Oh, I am overworked. For two days past I've been busy reveling you out."

But the laugh attending these words died away in a sob. Then, without further attempt at restraint, she gave way to abandon of grief. So alarmed was Cameron at this new phase in her character—he had never, until now, had a glimpse of the emotional side of her nature—that he scarce heard, much less understood, the import of her words.

"Why, Mona, what in the world has happened?"

"Henry Cameron, I have wronged you—not willfully, not deliberately; nevertheless I have done you an irreparable injury. I cannot be your wife."

"Explain yourself."

Stern, terrible words, striking terror into the girl's heart. She had expected a passionate outburst, not this instant condemnation. As though warding off a blow, Mona extended a hand in mute gesture.

"One moment," she murmured. "Do not condemn me unheard."

"Proceed." An instant had sufficed to convert into a merciless judge the tender lover.

"I do not ask for mercy; I do not expect forgiveness. Only let me prove to you that I was weak, not wicked."

"The usual plea. Well? I have already requested an explanation."

From his exceeding coldness she gathered strength. Passion would have unnerved her. She owed him a confession—a humiliating one. It was easier to confess to a judge than to a lover. Her voice trembled as she began:

"My novel was but a pretext to postpone the fulfillment of a promise which I should have never made. I thought the title would have suggested to you a hidden meaning. Like Penelope of old, I had recourse to this artifice to protract my decision, because"—her voice faltered—"because I dared not become the wife of another until positively assured that Ulysses could never return."

"Great God, Mona Calvert, are you a wife?"

The hard, set face was now livid with passion. He had sprung to his feet, as though stung by an adder.

As the force of these words dawned upon her comprehension (she did not discover how natural was the inference), the hot blood surged into the face which a moment since rivaled marble in its whiteness. She trembled in every limb, not from fear, but passion. Anger overmastered every other emotion. With flashing eyes, she exclaimed:

"How dare you insult me by such a question?"

The proud resentment in voice and attitude carried conviction even to this jealous man. It conveyed proof as strong as holy writ.

"Thank God, in this I have done you injustice. Had you betrayed me to this extent——" He checked himself. "Please go on. I will not interrupt you again."

He resumed his seat, and bowed his face in his hands.

"To explain matters clearly"—her voice was less tremulous now—"I shall be obliged to enter somewhat into detail. Certain reminiscences are absolutely necessary for the elucidation of my story. My mother died when I was but an infant, leaving me to the care of my father and his faithful old house-keeper. Our home was in Chico Valley. My father had purchased a ranch in this locality, a few months previous to my mother's death, intending, at the mature age of thirty, to turn, Cincinnatus-like, to the plow. The truth is, he was a man of literary tastes—man of profound learning—and, being blessed with an independent income, he sought retirement—leisure to pursue his studies. The ranch was but an ostensible excuse for inactivity. After his wife's death he hired an overseer, and shut himself up in his library. You can imagine, being an only child, how lonely my life was, or would have been, but for reasons which I will now explain." Her voice trembled slightly as she reached this point in her narrative, and a slight flush suffused the cheek, from which the unwonted color had faded out almost instantly. She paused an instant, then continued: "Adjoining our ranch was one owned by Col. Leston. His son, Paul, notwithstanding he was my senior by five years, was my constant companion. He was a thoughtful, gentlemanly boy, and my father gladly consigned me to such safe keeping.

"We were inseparable. When I could hardly walk, he, himself almost a baby, would put me on his pony and lead me all over the ranch. By him, who could scarce read monosyllables, I was taught to lisp the alphabet. Until Paul had attained his sixteenth year we studied together, my father our instructor, though, of course, he was far in advance of me. At this period Paul was sent to college. This was my first grief; his rapture, of course, was unbounded; but I was heart-broken. In a perfect agony of tears, I clung to him. My tears and sobs were contagious. Holding me in his arms, he whispered: 'Don't cry, little sister; I'm coming back soon, and then what glorious times we will have.' Then stealthily brushing away a tear, he kissed me, and sprang into the buggy which was to convey him to the depot. I watched until a bend in the road hid him from my sight; then my tears broke out afresh. This was our first parting. Before we met again a year had elapsed. Meantime, thrown entirely upon my own resources, I had unconsciously developed into a very dignified little woman. When we met, after our long separation, we were both strangely shy and awkward. I fairly quivered with excitement when I heard Paul's voice, but no woman of the world could have received him more demurely. I merely offered him my hand. He looked a little surprised but made no comment. We had exchanged our last kiss. To dwell upon the incidents which transpired during this vacation, or in those succeeding it, would only weary you with unnecessary detail. Suffice it to state, that they were the 'golden millstones' in my lonely life. Paul still lacked a few months of being twenty one when he finished his course at the University. His father was not wealty. He had his own way to carve in the world. To do this he must leave home for an indefinite number of years. This he confided to me, his old play-fellow, the day of his graduation—the day which I had for years looked forward to as the acme of my felicity. In my childish ignorance I had fondly dreamed he would quietly settle down on the ranch. What profession he finally determined upon is of no import; enough that, after having been at home for a month or so, the day for his departure was fixed. It dawned. We were no longer children, and knew it. He never called me 'Little Sister' now. A year ago I resented this. His reply was: "Once I regretted, Mona, that you were not my sister; now, I rejoice that the same blood does not flow in our veins.' I looked at him wonderingly. I could not understand his meaning. Later the words recurred to me, and I, too, was glad. Through all of our separation we had never corresponded; both felt now that it was too late to begin.

"To conceal the emotion occasioned by the mere thought of his immediate departure, I assumed on his last day an unwonted gayety. I had become quiet only through force of circumstances. My real nature was not so. Paul, on the contrary, was extremely serious. Turning to me, suddenly, he said: Mona, would you be content with "love in a cottage?" I knew perfectly well what he meant; but, with the perverseness of human nature, or woman nature, I answered:

"No; I would not. I never could appreciate the sublimity of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses,'" and then I added, heaven only knows why, 'I do not think any man has a right to ask a woman to marry him until he can support her—not luxuriously, but comfortably.' This checked the words to which he was about to give utterance. I had deliberately sealed my fate. I knew it then; I know it now. Abruptly changing the subject, Paul said to me:

"Why do you so often wear forget-me-nots?"

"I had a bunch of them in my belt.

"Because they happen to becoming to my style of beauty."

"'A most potent reason. Did you ever hear the legend of this flower?'

"'No.'

"'Once upon a time,'" he began, 'a pair of lovers stood upon a river's brink, even as we stand now on the banks of this stream; like this, it was overhung by a precipitous cliff. In a crevice of this smooth jutting rock the maiden spied a cluster of these same blue flowers,' touching lightly those I wore. 'She expressed a desire for them. Her lover forded the stream, scaled the precipice, and obtained the coveted blossoms. He had nearly made the descent when his foot slipped; he saw his imminent peril, and, throwing the flowers to his lady love (we presume the current obligingly bore them to her), he called out: 'Forget me not, dearest,' and disappeared forever beneath the waters.

"I made some laughing comment, to which he smilingly acquiesced; then, taking my hand in his, he seriously, almost solemnly, said:

"'Mona, I start to-day into the world in search of forget me nots.' Those I chance to find along life's highway I will send you from time to time; but if, more fortunate than the hero of our legend, I be spared to return, I will bring you some truly worthy of your acceptance: 'forget me nots" that will fade only with life."

"I understood him, and he knew that I did. This was all. This our last parting. A couple of months after Paul left home my father died suddenly, leaving me alone in the world. The rest of my story you know; how I went to my aunt, whose home is in San Francisco, with whom I have been ever since. Five years have elapsed since Paul Leston parted from me. I am now 21; he left a child of 16. For three successive years I received from him an envelope, directed in his own handwriting, inclosing a spray of forget me nots; the postmark, invariably bearing the date of the anniversary of our last meeting. From these same post marks I was kept informed as to his whereabouts. Other communication between us than this there was none.

"Upon the fourth anniversary this failed. The fifth brought me nothing. To say that I was faithful to him all this time were to say what is not true. Could I have learned anything of him through his father I would gladly have sought the information, but, after my father's death, Col. Leston had sold the ranch and moved I know not where. At first I was terrified by Paul's silence. I say silence, because this yearly token had spoken volumes to me. This feeling of fear was succeeded by one of doubt and distrust, and then came a sense of utter desolation and loneliness. Meantime you came and poured at my feet all your wealth of love. I schooled myself to believe that my childhood's dream was but an ideal. He was not bound to me by a single tie. Even had he married another I had no right to utter a word. Why should I waste my life in pursuing a phantom, when I might be cherished and beloved by a man who, for ought I know, is more worthy of my affection? Thus I unfortunately argued, you know with what result."

She paused, not knowing how to tell the rest, feeling that she was aiming a death blow at the heart of the man who sat by her side so rigidly still.

"Y

Correspondence.

AROUND CAPE HORN.

Six Months on Blue Water.

A Very Old-Fashioned Experience.

A Lady's Log of a Trip in a Sailing Vessel from New York to San Francisco—One Hundred and Sixty-Five Days of Winds, Storms and Calms.

PART XVI.

December 3, Lat 15 deg, 18 min —My extensive week's laundrying having been accomplished—I say "laundrying" out of compliment; were I to sacrifice politeness to veracity I should write for exiled "laved" or "irrigated;" as for the ironing part, I have previously insinuated that the flat iron business is encompassed by such insuperable difficulties that I am only too thankful to get the handkerchiefs pressed out and let the rest go—however, having completed that necessary part of my household economy, I donned my hat and sped to the deck to cool my heated brow and settle the question of flying-fish. The "bits" amid-ship, shaded as it was by the main-sail, formed a charming place for rest and observation. The flying fish are darting by in schools of thousands and tens of thousands, hitting the water with the sound of a hail storm; the bonetas or skip jacks in pursuit made themselves visible occasionally, verifying the name by which they are more familiarly known by springing entirely clear of the water in a manner rather astonishing in a creature so big; a number of unsocial gulls, white beneath, dark above, were closely examining the sea in the distance for food, and several glitteringly white equator birds cleared the air or darted with the swiftness of an arrow into the water, with much scattering of the same.

The little fish hawk appeared to bear us no malice because of our larceny of the three feathers, for he returned on the succeeding night and took up the same position on the rail, where he was left unmolested until he was pleased to take his departure at early day-light.

The trade winds are helping us on our course beautifully and the sky is delicately flecked with their auspicious banners. For two nights the phosphorous has been of a silvery nature. It is not so effective as the flaming kind, but quite as wonderful in its way. Now that we are making perceptible progress on our voyage, we *dare* to speculate at the emotion of our friends at the delay in our arrival; no news for months of the ship unless the vessels we have spoken of have arrived safely at their places of destination and reported us. Even then what meager knowledge! The preparations for port are steadily going forward. Yesterday all the white paint about the main deck, the mess room, galley, forecastle, the small boats, etc., received a fresh coat. Most of the sailors work as if it were a personal matter with them, but Pierson sits on a pile of boards and looks as if he were doing more than his share in refraining from falling into the barrel of paint which he lazily stirs with a stick.

December 4, Lat. 19 deg, 1 min.—One hundred and eighty miles from yesterday noon to to-day noon. Our days are perceptibly shortening. The sun rises at 6 and sets at 6. During rough or rainy weather the four hours night watch must be very arduous; but in this latitude it can not be devoid of charms. The moon now rises at a late hour, but the thickly begemmed sky and the curling phosphorescent waves are most enchanting to behold.

"The earth below seems like the heaven above,
Spangled with stars in constellations grouped.

I have never read or heard of mates of sailing vessels as being distinguished for poetical fancy or finuess of feeling; my very limited personal acquaintance with them leads me to suppose that they have suffered injustice at the hands of the public, but I should think their hours of enforced solitary communion with nature would get them so thoroughly saturated with the essence of poesy that it would be next to impossible to get them off their suits in the morning. If our mates ever suffer in the decent to sublunary affairs they never mention it, "but let concealment like a worm i' the bud."

The Captain prowls about with varnish brush in hand, speculation in his eyes and spectacles on his nose; a Jove like frown sits upon his classic brow and sarcasm embroiders the words which fall from his lips. The luckless culprit who has succeeded in implanting so much as a pin scratch on the pannels during the ship's rolling, ceases to recall the manifold painful bruises acquired during the process and groans under the infliction of hysterical reproaches in the wildest flight of fancy I could not have dreamed that cleanliness could be so near to ungodliness.

December 5th—Latitude 10° 23 *minutes*—Until this morning Charlie, the mess boy, was not a believer in "mixed drinks," but carrying the principle so far as to partake of a sedletz powder in separate glasses, the contents of the blue paper first then that of the white, he was rapidly converted; and now rather than take "his'n straight" he would awallow a dose of nitro glycerine, dynamite, our whole batch of yeast, or have his vitals picked up with the "Ross rammer."

December 6th—Latitude 7° 57 *minutes.*—Charlie speared a bonita from the top gallant forecastle this morning. It was a small specimen, only about three feet in length. They are handsome fish, richly colored and round bodied. The meat however, is rather dry. Equator birds, gulls and flying fish are numerous.

Dec. 9th, Lat. 2 deg. 44 min —The south east trades, after doing us good service, have blown us out of their dominion, and now we must fight our way to the equator and beyond until we catch the north-east trades. Equatorial heat is frying the pitch out of the decks and reducing us humans in point of adipose tissue; another very noticable and much to be regretted effect is, that it is making us fastidious; the meats, although doubly salted for sea use loudly protests against the frequent and extreme change in the climate and smell to heaven. We are not so sure of the superiority of mind over matter, whatever we have said to the contrary in the past; indeed we ingloriously sigh after the "flesh pots," a juicy porter house steak or succulent lamb chop, garnished with something or other green, a leaf of parsley with the dew still sparkling upon it, the tender shades of green and red of the spicy radish, the crisp loveliness cholic begetting cucumber—all, all are *made* themes for the laureate; but, instead of *fruitless* sighs over strawberries and other impossibilities, let us "think on our mercies" and be devoutly thankful that our potatoes continue to hold out, and our onions, after these many months, are so stupendous. The joyful news has just been broken to us that we are soon to have a dish of the fruit of Bermuda fried. What think you of that, oh! Epicurus? Of late the vigorous sweetness of that esteemed esculent has been utilized to disguise the peculiar cussedness of the meat in the hash and scouse. Our "stowaways", the rats, make night hideous with their squeals and antics. During the heated term the companionways doors, both fore and aft are kept open, and the rodents drop in, as it were, with no thought of intrusion. If we are playing cards we keep our feet on the rungs of our chairs, attend to our own business, and let them attend to theirs, but Sunday evening the Captain was in such dire need of relaxation from the dramatic solemnity always veneering that day that he determined to have a little shindy with the rats. So he armed himself with a trusty bludgeon and let slip the dogs of war upon the astonished vermin which ran screaming up his legs and over his back, while our valorous combatant dealt a shower of blows right and left, hitting them frequent destructive thumpers and finally cornering them in Miss C.'s room, where two magnificent specimens of the genius rodent were effectually despatched. Our kid glove merchant's ship is rapidly becoming too fine for comfort. The awning which served to make the deck so pleasant a place while we were on the Equator, on the other side, will not be put up now, as the lashings would mar the freshness of the paint. Consequently we are compelled to remain in the cabin through the hottest part of the day, occasionally at a summons running up on deck to shade our eyes with our hand, and gaze off on the blinding water at a huge turtle or a school of black fish or porpoises.

December 10th—Lat. 2.—The sun sets and leaves his blazing visage in the ocean at 6 o'clock, and as soon as the lengthening shadows give promise of comfort outside, we hasten to avail ourselves of it. The twilights are short, but with ever changing beauties of tinted clouds. The dew is heavy and clammy, but entirely innocuous so far as I can see (we don't wear crimped hair on the ocean; or you may rest assured that last statement would be very different.) The sea last evening was, for a time, agitated by that curious thing the tide, short, sharp, musical ripples, although here and there would be visible a spot smooth and undisturbed; a magnificent great dolphin played about us as if taking pleasure in showing off his handsome shape and brilliant colors. Several varieties of jelly fish were visible, conspicuous among which was one specie resembling a slice of jelly cake in form and color. In tropical waters these creatures are very numerous; a few years ago a steamer that I was a passenger on, was quarantined at Havana, while we lay there in durance vile, execrating their atrocious government, abusing their harbor master and everybody who had any thing to do with shipping matters, we used to glare down into the waters of their little bay and wonder if it wasn't poisonous to the touch from the quantities of jelly fish we saw in it. Recently Her Majesty's steamer "Crocodile" crossed the equator early in the morning. "On the following night a most curious circumstance occurred which would hardly be credited. The ship was stopped by jelly-fish, which shortly after 1 o'clock appeared in myriads as far as the eye could reach, and the thousands of luminous bodies floating upon the waters gave it the appearance of a scene from a fairyland. Some of the fish got into the strainers of the condensers and blocked the holes so that the water could not enter, and the result was that the vacuum went down and then disappeared entirely. The condensors afterward became so heated that we had to stop steaming altogether, take off the strainers and clear them. Three attempts were made to steam, and each failed from the same cause. In this way we were delayed no less than five hours, but at day break the fish sank, and the ship was able to proceed. The same thing occurred again on the following night, the ship being delayed four hours."

A cup net which was constructed out of mosquito netting and wire on an approved plan by Miss C. and the subscriber was trolled astern all day and then carefully hoisted on board, when we eagerly bumped heads and itemized the contents. Item one square, medium sized section of pork rind, undoubtedly a fugitive from the galley; item, one fragment of rope yarn thrown, blown or swept overboard; item, one bit of shaving from the carpenter shop; figuratively speaking, tuese forward had cast their bread upon the waters, and one aft had hauled it in in less than many days.

We pinched the bottom of the net and found it unpleasantly slimy.

Miss C. met with such a sniff of derision my suggestion that it might have been occasioned by some one's expectorating overboard that I was glad to coincide with her that it was anamalcule, although of so low an order as to be invisible to the naked eye.

We ventured down on to the main deck one day last week to a model artist exhibition of hens. The fair competitors had been released from their coops to stretch their legs a bit. Looking at them at an ante mortem period is not conducive to a favorable to a post-mortem view. The hens vied with the ducks in general seediness, and both looked as if the mange had run its course in their poor little frames. Our ship stores are gradually becoming decimated; the macaroni has fallen a prey to the weevils, even to the last box, which came up from the hold yesterday, sealed, signed and delivered to the pantry deity. When that functionary pried open with a hatchet the carefully closed box, a pint of weevils was discovered and a tablespoonful of flour. I consider my store of useful knowledge very materially increated in having learned to tie a square knot. It is sad to think of the many years wasted in wrestling with "granny knots."

Two hideous week-old pigeons absorb much of the public interest. They were born under more favorable auspices than their tempest tossed predecessors and bid fair to live in spite of all the handling they get. I have drank sea water—ahould not like to confine myself to it as a beverage, although it is clear as crystal and colder than that which comes from our tanks, a fact which would seem surprising considering the latitude we are in if we could forget the miles of water neath the surface. Although very salt it is superior in flavor to some of the mineral spring waters I have tasted. Sea water is drank regularly by some persons as a specific for some thing or other, but I pertook of it out of pure curiosity. Last evening there would have been an unusual phosphoric display had we been making any appreciable progress so as to stir up the water, as it was, each little ripple was alive with sparklers, while off in our wake were frequent sheets of subdued but squeous splender, as though Undine and a host of attendant spirits with lamps trimmed and burning were passing beneath the transparent surface of the sea.

Dec. 12th, Lat 0, 26 Min's—Still the beautifying goes on, and we are beginning to feel that comfort is one of the lost arts. We have survived the worst of the varnishing, thank fortune! Acres of white paint has been laid on and our heads, although somewhat shaky, continue to occupy their accustomed position on our shoulders. The "King's" ample snow white mantle has been farther beautified by borders of dazzling blue, and reason has not even yet deserted her throne. Our unlucky female passenger continues in the possession of her complement of limbs, although I grieve to record that I heard some one, who shall be nameless, say he would "cut off her legs" if she didn't get off that there blue paint."

Old Time, in mercy reverse your car wheels and let us revel in those halcyon days and evenings of last August and September, when carelessly disposed about on pigeon coop or other comfortable, if not elegant spot, blissfully oblivious of the grinding property of boot heels we listened with bated breath to the ancient mariner, our boss tar, as he spun veracious yarns of years voyaging in the fervid East Indis and Japan, Africa and Australia. Never will I forget the charm of those queer foreign names—Akyab, Bassein, Rangoon, Singapoor, Maulmain, etc. I could fairly inhale the frankincense and myrrh, the spices and sandalwood, and rattled at the accounts of monkey and elephant rides pecuring to myself in this breathless manner from the Orient, sandalwood, spices, bazaars and harems and mosques, idols and temple. But alas! how have the mighty fallen! To day our souls are shaken over the perils encompassing the new paint.

At this present moment I am congratulating myself that watchful vigilance has thus far preserved me from coming in contact with it, but there is always a tantalizing uncertainty; while indulging myself in a feeling of thankfulness at having escaped a freshly-painted Scylla, I may the very next moment be everlastingly wrecked on a newly-varnished Charybdis.

There was a very heavy fog last night, a most unusual occurrence at the equator, I am told. An examination of the chart shows me that on the last passage from New York the Captain was 26½ days in reaching port from the line, from which it is reasonable to infer that we are good for another month out.

LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Havre—Sunday in the Old Seaport—The Railway Officials of Havre—Small Farms of France—Entrance to the Great Metropolis of Modern Civilization.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

PARIS, Sept, 10, 1880.

To the verdant tourist fresh from the West, where real estate is a drug in the market, Havre presents the appearance of having been laid out by Grandfather Noah when he first abandoned the Ark, while he believed water to be plenty and land scarce. Most of the streets of Havre near the quays are no wider than the alleys in Toledo. Her houses are six and seven stories high, and of antediluvian architecture; and every stone in her pavements has an echo which is given forth under the treading of her enormously clumsy Norman horses, as large as medium sized elephants, who drag about gigantic two wheeled carts, one wheel of which is as heavy as a dozen of our dray wheels, and makes ten times as much noise. The horses wear bells, and when pedestrians hear them, they huddle to the sides of the alley-streets like flocks of frightened sheep. The houses are as narrow as the streets, and as one enters their dark court yards, paved with stone, and their reception-rooms, with stone floors, and attempts to climb their narrow, dark, stone stairways, with stone steps, steep enough to test the climbing talents of a chamois, and is ushered into chambers with stone floors, stone doors and stone walls, admiration for stone as a building material is chilled, especially when, in an unlucky moment, bare feet slip from the little rugs of carpet on the tile floors, which, however artistic in bright colors, are extremely comfortless to the tourist accustomed to carpets. As to the steep, narrow stairways of Havre, they give the modern traveler an idea of how, in ancient times, it was perfectly possible to kill people who were obnoxious to their friends by throwing them down stairs, as the lovely Amy Robsart and some of the English princes of old are said to have been executed. But the old seaport possesses many attractions, especially to the antiquarian, and is well worth a visit, notwithstanding the exorbitant charges of her landlords. Her shops are almost equal in rich display to those of Paris, and the unlucky traveler who buys anything there pays for it dearly. Tobacco and postage stamps are intimately related in Havre, and, indeed, throughout France, as the latter are always sold at tobacco-shops, which are usually kept by ladies, some of whom are exceedingly beautiful. Their letter-boxes are mere holes in houses, and no uninitiated American can find them without help.

It is wonderfully amusing to see the whole town out in the open air, either under the awnings of their cafes, or in their gardens. They sit by small, round, marble-top stands, with a bottle of wine for every two persons, with bread and cheese, or some one or two dishes, and eat and drink and laugh and jabber as if that were the chief business of

Anchored in Havre are ships of every kind from all ports of the world, which, with their national colors flying in the breeze present a most picturesque aspect. Her advantages as a bathing resort are bringing her a large and rich influx of foreign visitors, for whose accommodation an immense hotel has been erected on the beach, near the landing of the French steamers. Thousands of visitors welcomed the steamer into port, their bright Turkey-red sun umbrellas being visible way out in the ocean. When the steamer landed, friends greeted friends with the greatest possible public demonstrations of affection. Men rushed up to each other and put their arms around each others' necks, kissed on both cheeks, laughed and cried, and passed out of sight hugging each other. Children were most tenderly caressed; women kissed each other, and men and women kissed; and, while it all seemed a little ridiculous, it cannot be denied that a feeling of friendliessness and home sickness came to the unwelcomed strangers as the picture vanished. Not far from the beach a very majestic church, in the midst of a beautiful garden, attracts the tourist. Its massive architecture and its grandeur seem like the work of many generations of men, and as though the treasure expended in its construction was the result of the accumulation of centuries of labor and economy. Farther away from the ocean, Havre is said to possess many attractions to the visitor. At San Andresse, one of her hilly suburbs which overlooks the sea, and where two lighthouses indicate the dangers of the rocky shores, Sarah Bernhardt is about completing a magnificent chateau for her summer residence.

The crowds on

SUNDAY IN THE OLD SEAPORT

reminds the Toledoan of a first-class Fourth of July, or the crowded day of the Tri-State Fair at home. The early morning trains bring thousands of excursionists from Paris and the environs, on their way to the afternoon races at Dieppe. Fancy the mistress of a fashionable American boarding-school at New York taking her pupils to the Saratoga races on Sunday afternoon, as a reward for good conduct, and as a recreation. This is what we witnessed at Havre; and what struck our American notions as even more peculiar was, to find the lady very intelligent, speaking three languages, with the appearance of a fashionable Parisienne, in a handsome toilette of black silk, with train upheld by fancy fastenings, revealing white Swiss ruffled petticoats trimmed with lace, followed, in procession, two by two, by her pupils, one of whom carried a quart bottle of Bordeaux wine, without even a bit of paper-wrapper around it, and another a lunch-basket, while a servant-maid brought up the rear with an armful of camp-chairs. The teacher was very proud of her pupils; and when she learned I was an American interested in educational matters, gave me a prospectus of her school, which is near the Bois de Boulogne, and invited me to visit her.

Many of the

RAILWAY OFFICERS OF HAVRE

are ladies. As ticket-agents they understand their business well; it is no exaggeration to say, as well as our very efficient Mr. Waring, in Toledo. Most of them would be called beautiful women, though, perhaps, not in a poetic or artistic sense; yet their fine eyes, facial expression, indicative of high intellect, refinement, culture, and self poise; their plain, tasteful dresses of rich, black material, with white laces at neck and waist; their affable manners and keen business tact gives them the charm of an enduring beauty entirely independent of youth, and always admirable in any age of woman's life. In many respects the French woman of culture and refinement can in no way be distinguished on the street, by her dress, from her American sister of the same mental and social condition. If there be a difference the French woman wears less trimming upon her dresses and mantles and chooses richer materials. I do not wish to be understood to say, that one sees no overtrimmed dresses on the streets of the leading cities of France, but that many of the more elegant street and carriage toilettes, and the evening dresses displayed in the grand bazaars of fashion, are less overloaded with trimming than in America.

From Havre to Paris by railway gives the stranger an introductory view to

THE SMALL FARMS OF FRANCE,

which excel in beauty of scenery, of mountains, hills, valleys and streams, and in high cultivation, everything that the imagination of the traveled American can conceive. Steep, barren-appearing mountain-slopes which we would regard as utterly incapable of cultivation, teem with the verdure of rich mountain grasses and grapes, while the valleys are golden with heavy grain-harvests, and emerald green with endless variety of the finest and best vegetable productions.

These small French farmers have wonderful taste in laying out their fields in mathematical figures. They have neither fences nor hedges, and, as they cultivate a variety of grains and grasses, each field presents a different coloring, green or gold, at this season, extremely beautiful to the eye. They are, moreover, a remarkably rich and independent people. With their few well tilled acres and their modest homes they lay up amounts of money perfectly astonishing to an American. It was they who loaned their government so very large a portion of the money to pay the Prussian war debt. Old stockings and leather pouches, heavy with gold, the fruit of years of accumulation, economy and toil, were brought to light, to the surprise of even economical France itself, and poured into the public treasury; and it is with honorable pride that they say to the stranger, "Though the Empire demoralized France, though the Prussians conquered her armies, the money of her farmers and middle classes has paid her war debt, and we are still rich and free."

Through many miles of tunnels, whose pure atmosphere is pleasant to breathe, and free from smoke, the tourist passes valleys and streams, whose waters are utilized for manufacturing cotton and woolen goods, villages and towns, the journey Parisward being one continued delight, whose climax is reached by entrance to the great metropolis of Continental Europe—Paris, the wonderful, the magnificent, the glorious old City of the Seine, with its ages of historical reminiscences, its palaces and public squares, its fountains and gardens, its parks and boulevards, its triumphal arches, catacombs, and monuments, its art-galleries and libraries, its cafes and bazaars, of which the half never has and never can be told or written, and which cannot be realized unless seen.

ROSA L. SEGUR.

FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

Colored Republicans Raise a Pole and Banner—Failure of a Democratic Pole Raising—Old Acquaintances Met at Both Demonstrations.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

From week to week I have looked and scanned, but looked in vain in the Household department, Inquiry and Answer department, the soldiers' column and news items department generally for something from this old (though south of Mason and Dixon's line) patriotic and Republican County of Upshur, West Virginia. Hitherto unsuccessful, I now particularize for you two recent political events. The first political demonstration ever attempted by the colored people of this County, was a Garfield and Arthur pole raising at the County seat, at Buchannon, and this was the way it was originated: Sometime since, the white Republicans of Buchannon put up two small though pretty poles and suspended a large Garfield and Arthur banner between them. The Democrats thinking, no doubt, that this was the best the Republicans could do, determined to raise a "Superb" (?) Hancock pole.

Raising day at length arrived, and with it bright and early every type, ancient and modern, of Democracy. There was the old ante-bellum slave-holder, who expects to yet be paid for his "niggahs," to the low, heavy set overseer with his little cruel, cold gray eye and Legree hat; the same old Rebel bushwhacker and horsethief, the old Upshur County Sheriff who collected our taxes and then ran away to the Rebel army with our money. Then there was the old stay at home Democrat who conveyed news to his Rebel brother-in-law who was taking horses through to the Rebels that he was about to be captured, and who is now a deacon in the Presbyterian Church and makes long prayers. All these and many more were there. There, too, was the pole. The first piece a long slim green hickory. The top splice was a limber red oak, the whole as it lay being about 140 feet long. How to get it up was the next question. Mid all that diversified array there was not a single Democrat who possessed mechanical genius enough to engineer it up. In this dilemma two young Republicans magnanimously stepped forward, went to work and superintended its erection.

The pole slipped at the splices, cracked, and being long and slim, warped over, until now it is just about the shape of a rainbow, assuming a most pitiable obeisance to the Garfield poles. The colored Republicans, who are very few in number, taking advantage of this humiliating ridicule, went to the woods, worked out a monster pole 170 odd feet long, one section of which required six horses two days to move it a short distance. Day before yesterday (Saturday, the 25th,) was the day appointed to put it up. Colored delegations were present from Clarksburg and Weston. White Republicans

"Rallied from the hillside, gathered from the plain,"

until by 1 o'clock the place was alive with patriotic enthusiasm.

Derricks, cables, tackles, pulleys, spike, poles and everything being ready, the command was given, when slowly and surely the beautiful tapering pole, nearly two feet in diameter at the ground, began to rise. Onward and upward she went, carrying her beautiful 40 foot red, white and blue streamer grandly lettered "Garfield and Arthur," until with one long triumphant cheer from the assembled multitude, and a last heave, the pole took the perpendicular, standing straight as an arrow, its top towering heavenward 166 feet above the ground. Then while a band played the "Red, White and Blue," the colored ladies came forward and ran up their new mammoth star spangled banner. Speaking being next in order Mr. H. Ward Atkinson, of Wheeling, addressed the crowd in an enthusiastic and convincing manner, receiving round after round of applause. He was followed in a 10 minutes' speech by a gentleman from Clarksburg. Mr. Jones, colored, from Weston, made the closing speech, which was listened to with the deepest interest. In fact, he kept his audience spellbound by his unexpected eloquence and familiarity with the history of the long-suffering and misery of his downtrodden race. Indeed, the Democracy of Upshur received one of the most stunning blows at his hands that it has ever been my privilege to listen to.

Gathering darkness warned the speaker that night was coming on, and after paying a beautiful tribute to our country's flag, the exercises closed.

There is a great political revolution going on in West Virginia, and we are making every effort to redeem our young State from Democratic thraldom, and the BLADE is helping us on with the good work.

Confident that old Upshur will round up 600 majority for Garfield and Arthur, I close. FOR THE RIGHT.

French Creek, W. Va., Sept. 27.

How to Save Money.

In diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Lame Back, avoid all internal medicines, and plasters, which at best give but temporary relief, and use Day's Kidney Pad, which will save you annually many times its cost in doctor's bills, plasters and medicines.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Remarkable Speech of Sec. Evarts at the Cooper Institute, New York.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4, 1880.

There are some things in the admirable speech of Mr. Evarts, at the Cooper Institute in New York, so rich and of such binding force that I am disposed to ask for a little space in the BLADE that they may be brought to the particular attention of your great audience of a hundred thousand hearers.

After speaking of the candidates for the Presidency he came naturally to those for the Vice Presidency; and his first inquiry was as to why Mr. English had been nominated. He had not been generally thought of for that position, but he was taken up and put through with great unanimity. What was the purpose of his nomination? It did not seem to be quite proper to attribute it to the simple fact that he was a rich man and a banker. Was it his pre-eminent statesmanship? After looking through his speeches in Congress about slavery, and Kansas, and the Missouri compromise and his letter of acceptance, any such thought must be dismissed. There was, however, one thing in his letter of acceptance which might throw some light on this point. He expressed great interest in the "toiling millions" of the people. Mr. Evarts said these were trivial matters but they had some importance as showing the sincerity of a party; and Mr. English's interest in the "toiling millions" reminded him of a story which Judge Brady was fond of telling. A young man who had recently lost his father found himself in possession of a claim for $50 which he could not get without employing a lawyer; and, remembering a lawyer who had known his father he went to him. The learned advocate received him cordially, said that he knew his father well, that he was an honest and worthy man and that he had loved him as a brother. The young man was greatly pleased with his reception and committed his business to him without hesitation. But, when the money was collected and the lawyer, after deducting his fee, paid over to him only the sum of $15 he seemed to be greatly astonished, whereupon the lawyer very blandly inquired if it was not right. He said in reply, as he took in the true aspects of the case: "Oh, yes, there are $15; but I was thinking how lucky it was for me that you did not know my grandfather too." And so with me, said Mr. Evarts. I was thinking how lucky it was that only a few of those "toiling millions" had enjoyed the peculiar friendship of Mr. English.

One of the sharpest and noblest passages in the speech reveals the utter hypocrisy and insolence of the Democratic party in its treatment of the great question of suffrage. After some amusing references to the insincerity of Democratic platforms and letters of acceptance, Mr. Evarts goes on to show that since the 4th of July, 1776, the question of rights had had a new meaning. The rights of Kings, the rights of Nobles, the rights of rich men had come to be regarded as no more sacred than the rights of the ignorant, the poor and the weak. "I never," he says, "knew a king or a noble or a priest or a rich man that did not value his liberties; the trouble always has been that he did not value the liberties of other people. What is required in a Democracy like ours is that the strong shall value the liberties of the weak, the proud shall value the liberties of the humble, and the men of learning and intellect shall value the liberties of the ignorant. And when a great section of this country talks about suffrage as an invaluable right and then prides itself in stifling it and trampling it under foot, in the persons of the weak, I do not think much of their love of liberty." He then goes on as follows:

"The platform of the Democratic party speaks of the suffrage as the right preservative of all rights and immediately proceeds to take it away from the blacks, knowing that if it takes that it takes all. [Applause.] If that right is preservative of all rights and you take it from the blacks, cunning as you are, you take away all rights; and now Gen Hancock says in that admirable letter, of which the party is so proud, that a free ballot and a full vote and an honest count are what the people of the United States want. Now, here is a little table that has been used by an accomplished orator in the western part of the country, in which he gives this result of a free ballot, full vote and fair count in 1875: Green County, Alabama—Hayes, 2; Tilden, 408. Walton County, Georgia—Hayes, 2; Tilden, 1,393. Wilkes County, Georgia—Hayes, 2; Tilden, 1,136. East Feliciana—for Hayes, none; for Tilden, 1,736. Lowndes County, Mississippi—for Hayes, 2, and Tilden, 2,078. Tallahatchee County, Mississippi—for Hayes, 1; Tilden, 1,144. Yazoo County, Mississippi—2 for Hayes, 3,672 for Tilden. Brown County, Texas—1 for Hayes, 525 for Tilden. Eastland County, Texas—2 for Hayes, 1,787 for Tilden. Hidalgo County, Texas—4 for Hayes, 1,629 for Tilden. Buchanan County, Va.—2 for Hayes and 1,330 for Tilden. Now, you see what the Democratic protection of the right of suffrage, preservative of all rights, and a free ballot and a full vote and a fair count means. [Great applause.]

"Here are 11 Counties in six different Southern States that have produced in the aggregate 21 votes for Hayes, and for Tilden 16,000 and odd.

"What an illustration of Democratic regard for the suffrage! I don't think it is creditable to a candidate that is better than his party to write such contemptuous imitation of principles as he has done. I don't think it is creditable to a party, even though it is worse than its candidate, to make such a solemn declaration of love for suffrage. The only equal for this disparity between principles and practice that I have ever heard of was that of the man who broke his wife's head with a motto that hung in a frame at their bedside: "God bless our home." [Applause and laughter.] Now, this Democratic party says to us: "Don't mind these poor people; they are far off; they are not of your race; they are ignorant; they are feeble; don't distress yourselves about this injury of the poor blacks in the distant part of the country. These are State rights and we mean to exercise them." But when American liberty accuses the Democratic party of having made an assault upon the first foundation right of liberty and equality, the Democratic party undertakes to reply: "When have we made such an assault? Why, we have prophesied in and under the name of liberty, and in and under the name of liberty we have cast out radical devils." The answer is: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these poor disciples of liberty, ye have done it unto me." [Great applause].

Mr. Evarts in speaking of the tariff quoted from one of the recent speeches of Senator Wallace in Pennsylvania an extraordinary passage in which he objects to Republican policy because "it takes from the North that pecuniary control which has heretofore belonged to us and places factories, rolling mills and workshops by every river in the South. The South has been made for agriculture. That is its natural sphere. Its enormous products from the soil have been and ought to continue the most important element in her progress and prosperity. But, under the tariff industries will prosper and will be found by every river in the South, and so they will be able to clothe themselves, and make their machinery, and carry on divers manufactures."

Mr. Evarts replied: Well that is so—that is what they will do. But the Democrats say no. Don't let the Republicans rule or they will make the South rich and prosperous and "there will be factories and rolling mills and workshops by every river."

I will read, says he, from the *Atlanta Constitution*, a Georgia evening paper. It quotes from the *Memphis Avalanche*. The *Avalanche* first:

"Two thousand ploughs arrived on one steamer from the North a day or two since. What this country wants is more ploughs and less partisan politics to the acre."

There is some sense in that, even from the *Memphis Avalanche*. [Laughter and applause.]

"Yes," says the *Atlanta Constitution*, "that is so, but we don't want more ploughs from the North; we want more plough factories and every kind of factory in the South to make articles we need."

Well, now, what do you suppose that the dessicated Democracy of the North say to the Solid South? They say: "We want to keep you as you are to sell your ploughs." And the Republican party says: "We want you to make your own ploughs." And then, the *Atlanta Constitution* says that it agrees that more ploughs to the acre would be a good thing, but they would like to have plough factories of their own. Wouldn't you suppose that the Solid South would vote for the Republican party and not for the dessicated Democracy of the North?

Mr. Evarts called the Democratic party a dessicated party because it had been cut up and mowed down by the war and had lost its old juices; but it was said in its behalf that it had been regenerated by transfusion: and had been a different party by receiving into its veins the young blood of Charles Francis Adams and Lyman Trumbull, and Gen. Sickles and Bose Shepherd and Gen. Butler. This regeneration of the old dessicated party brought down the house. BUCKEYE.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A Courageous Woman Willing to Try the Experiment of Voting.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

A correspondent says on this subject: "We do not think, with one year's experience, respectable ladies would accept the right of suffrage if it was granted." If they think so, why do not the gallant and gracious forces, who are so desperately holding the fort of political privilege, throw open the gates and invite us in, and thus save their manners and their dearly cherished monopolies at the same time? He prefers to think women "above humiliating themselves and those dearer to them than any Presidential candidate, by taking a position beside the ignorant man at the ballot box." It might be, perhaps, a condescension—though we should not have mentioned it had not the gentleman himself referred to it—but as we have to associate with these men in street cars, and stores, and churches, and squeeze into concert-halls and postoffices, and all sorts of crowds, to say nothing of living in the same houses and rooms with them for 364 days in the year, we would submit gracefully on the 365th, or voting day. Or, if there be something contaminating—something "catching," as it were—in a procession of persons approaching a ballot-box, to drop in a slip of paper, why, the intelligent feminine mind might invent a separate arrangement for receiving the feminine vote, (a parlor window, for instance) especially for the votes of those who had no male relative, strong enough and brave enough and *sober* enough to accompany and protect them at the general polls.

"What joy would fill the heart of a husband to see his wife at the polls, elbowing her way through a crowd of roughs, etc." If he saw his wife compelled to enter a crowd of roughs, we think the average man would go and take his wife on his arm and escort her through; and if he should be so unfortunate as to have a wife who forgot she was a woman and a lady, he might perhaps begin to have some faint and far away conception of what women have endured during the centuries in which men have been drinking, and fighting, and swearing, and rushing headlong to their own destruction, dragging most of creation with them, while they (the wives) looked on in helpless agony, and could not stay the tide of ruin.

Remember, gentle knights, since we have to live with you, your purity and refinement are just as important to us as ours can be to you; and do not give yourselves this great concern; the springs of our womanhood shall be strong and pure enough to supply us still, and to sweeten your turbid streams also. If men will preach to us, let them, for consistency's sake, take any other theme than that of purity and refinement. We object to "the debasing and demoralizing evils" that follow upon men's going into political life *alone*. No place from which women is excluded is pure, and every place into which good women come becomes pure. When the sisters and wives and mothers step into legislative halls, female lobbyists will step out. It is a singular logic which prophesies for women a political responsibilities the very evils which flow from their irresponsible and unlawful chances. Bad women "lobby," and you withhold from good women the power to defeat them. "A hallucination which can never benefit womankind," is it? Look to Wyoming and every place in which it has been tried.

"What are we going to do with the laws that compel voters to work on the public highways, make them subject to bear arms in war, etc?" Exactly what the vast majority of men do with them—pay the poll tax and the substitute, too, if necessary—though, as to the latter, many of the greatest scholars and statesmen of the nation would not be physically qualified for service.

"Please state the public or individual benefit to be derived by woman suffrage." We will, if the editor will give us room another time; but he would have to issue a supplement every week for a year, for us to do the subject justice. M. L. G.

A Union Soldier's Views on the Present Campaign.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

From observations I take on the road, I feel that there never was a time in the history of the Republican party, when success is so essential as it is to day. This battle of ballots is but a vindication, not of the "lost cause," but of the "Cause of Liberty," and I believe the interests of the factory men, the interest of the American laborer, demand the election of 'Congressman Garfield.' We vote to continue our present financial prosperity all over our land. Do the working men of the United States desire free trade? Do they want to compete with pauper labor of the old world? Do they want to be compelled to bind out their offspring, at the age of seven years, to a man that can feed them? Certainly they cannot feed them here better than the poor of Europe do, if they get free trade, and are obliged to work for the wages paid in Europe.

There is a Union-loving element in the Democratic party, viz: the men that fought for the Union, and as Woodford said, "God bless every man that fought for its perpetuity!"

But whom are their associates? They are the same men that fought for four years to destroy this land. Must we place them in power to day?

God forbid.

Republican success is of more importance to day than at any other period in our history, since the rebellion of 1861.

Let the loyal people of the North stamp now and forever the unholy cause and effects of the war with an everlasting rebuke. Let it be done as Wallandigham, by 100,000 majority in every loyal State in the Union. I fought to save the Union. I vote against the destroyers of the Union, no matter whom be their leader.

UNION SOLDIER.

Bucyrus, O., Oct. 1, 1880.

A statistician (bachelor of course) insists that courtships average three tons of coal each, and we would add, scores of bad coughs and colds; but then every prudent gallant is provided with a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25 cents.

Popular Science.

EDITOR'S CABINET.

RECENT experiments by Pezzoli appear to establish the fact that the tenacity of iron increases on magnetization.

ONE kind of paper is made in China from the paper mulberry tree bark, and another kind from a mixture of that bark and wheat straw.

FROM analyses made of various American and Australian tinned meats and vegetables, Wirger concludes that these articles of diet are slightly if at all inferior to raw meats and fresh vegetables.

FOUR million two hundred thousand tons of hot water, averaging 135° F., are annually pumped from the Comstock Mines. To heat this mass of water by artificial means would require a consumption of over 50 000 tons of coal a year. The water from some of the deepest shafts, 3,000 feet, has a temperature of 157° F.

SALICYLIC acid, when added to portable water kept in casks on board ship, not only does not preserve such water, but actually makes the water more offensive, as a recent experimental test goes to prove. H. Kolbe has found that the wood of the casks does not absorb the acid, but destroys it; and that if salicylic acid be added to wine in the wood the same result will ensue. But both Kolbe and Von Meyer assign a higher value to salicylic acid as an antizymotic than to either carbolic or benzoic acid.

THE wool clip of the world has increased five times since 1830, when it was about 320,000,000 pounds in weight. In 1878—the latest year for which there are complete figures—Europe produced 740,000 000, River Plate 240,000 000, United States 208,000 000, Australia 950,000,000, and South Africa 48,000 000 pounds, making a total of 1 586 600 000 pounds. Great Britain and France consume each about the same quantity of wool—380 000 000 pounds a year. Germany consumers about 165 000,000 pounds; United States, 250,000,000 pounds, and Russia, Austria, and other countries 400,000,000 pounds.

THERE are, or have lately been, on exhibition in Glasgow, Scotland, samples of leather prepared with chrome, and without the use of any tannin whatever. It is claimed that the chrome process, invented and patented by a Dr. Heinzerling, is not only cheaper and more expeditious than the usual methods of tanning, but that it produces leather "stronger, more durable, more pliant, and less pervious to moisture." The chrome tanned leather exhibited was made into belting, harness, boots, and other articles; and it may be well to suggest that our leather manufacturers should scrutinize what may be learned regarding the results, and if the report is fav

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the [illegible] nent of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

The statement that the BLADE goes to every State and Territory in the Nation is capable of actual demonstration. As a proof of this remarkable feature, we may state that our books show that during the past week we have received subscriptions from the following States and Territories:

Wisconsin,	Indian Territory,
California,	Washington Territory,
Ohio,	Tennessee,
Iowa,	North Carolina,
Kansas,	Minnesota,
Illinois,	Indiana,
West Virginia,	Maryland,
Arkansas,	Michigan,
Missouri,	Wyomi Territory,
Pennsylvania,	Kentucky,
New York,	Nebraska,
Texas,	Colorado,
Oregon,	New Hampshire,
Montana,	Georgia,
Vermont,	Tennessee,
Mississippi,	Connecticut,
Nevada,	Alabama,
Dakota,	Florida,
Louisiana,	Massachusetts,

New Jersey.

NOTE.—Correspondents will please bear in mind that a number of inquiries are left over from week to week, for want of room. If you do not see your inquiries answered in this issue do not become offended; wait a little longer," and they will receive attention in due time.

F. O. H., Curdsville, Va.: Write to T. W Talmadge, Washington, D. C.

H. C. DARWIN, Rockwood, Randolph Co., Ill., wishes to learn the whereabouts of Araiph Darwin.

D. O. J., Dorchester, Ia., asks: "When was the Pension Office established?"—In 1833, temporarily, and permanently in 1849.

F. A. H., Stevensville, Mich., asks: "What percentage of the saloon keepers of the United States are Democratic?"—About 99⅞ per cent.

J. M., Melvern, Kan., wishes to know the post office address of the American Hispano Association.—Address A. Firth, Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL SNOWDEN, Toronto, Ind., wishes to obtain the address of Samuel Underwood or any of his family; last heard of in Iowa, before the war.

J. A. W., Lebanon, Kan.: John Wilkes Booth is certainly dead. The best "proof" was the recognition of his dead body by those who knew him living.

R. B. D., Valley View, Pa.: In regard to pensions, write to T. W. Talmage, Washington, D. C. Your other inquiries have been answered. See BLADE of last week.

J. P. L., Elrood, Ind., asks: "What was the cost per day to the Government for keeping Jeff. Davis prisoner at Fortress Monroe?"—Probably about 50 cents.

G. J. W., Forestville, Wis., asks: "Will you please inform me in your next issue where there is a glass factory that makes all kinds of glass goods?"—Historic, Pa.

SUBSCRIBER, Mifflin, O., asks: "Who is the General Passenger Agent of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, and where can I address him?"—P. S. Nourse, East Saginaw, Mich.

H. H. C., Sedalia, Col., asks: "What fact can I bring against a Copperhead Democrat's assertion to the effect that Garfield is a defaulter in any financial concern whatever?"—Tell him he lies.

R. F. C., Mendham, N. J., asks: "What church, if any, does Mrs. Winfield S. Hancock attend? Is she not a Catholic?"—We do not know what church she attends. She is not a Catholic.

INQUIRER, Toledo, writes: "Please state the amount of the balance of trade in favor of the United States, as set forth in Grant's last annual message."—We do not find this matter referred to in Gen. Grant's last message.

W. C., Cambero, Mich., writes: "We have 144 voters in this Town, and Garfield will get 80of their ballots. We are thoroughly waked up, and we intend to keep awake until after election.—That's the right kind of talk.

J. N., Unionville, Mich., writes: "The answer to James Chu's Arithmetical problem is 7,320,705 feet. Please publish the following: How long must one side of an equal sided triangle be that shall contain one acre?

C. C. T., East Randolph, N. Y., asks: "How much are one cent pieces worth that have go cacles on the back, dated of 37 and '38?"—One hundred of them are worth a dollar. If you can get more we advise you to take it.

VOTER, Wheeling, W. Va., asks: "How did Indiana vote in 1872?"—Hendricks was elected Governor in October by 1,145 majority, but the balance of the Democratic ticket was defeated. In November Grant had 23,935 majority.

W. N., Dudley, Ia., writes: "I would be much obliged if you would let me know the address of Prof. Collier, of Connecticut College. 2. Also the address of Commissioner LeDuc."—1. New Haven, Conn. 2. Washington, D. C.

I. W. A., Beloit, Kan., asks: "Can you give any information by which I may learn of a manufacturer or dealer in knitting machines"—The Blade Company offers two Bickford machines (new) worth $35, for $30. Address Blade Co., Toledo, O.

A READER, Pleasant Hill, Ill., writes: "After noticing your rules, I repeat my question. Can you inform me where I can obtain a copying tablet for copying or transferring notices or letters."—You will find this question answered in THE BLADE last week.

E. J. B., Ks., writes: "Please state in your next issue which of our silver coins are worth more than their face value, and what their value is."—Silver coins, except the trade dollar, are worth 100 cents on the dollar. The law says so, and the law never lies.

M. S. S., Upton, Mich., writes: "1. Please give, in your Answers to Correspondents' the pronunciation of the name Vallandigham; what syllable has the chief accent, and how is the word divided? 2. Also, the pronunciation of the name Seward?"—1. Val-lan-dig-ham. 2. Sew ard.

W. Y. L., Sullivan, Ind., asks: "1. Who introduced the arrears of pension bill? 2. Did Voorhees vote for it?"—1. Two or three men claim to be the authors of the bill, A. V. Rice, of Ohio, as Chairman of the Committee had charge of it. 2. We do not know how Dan voted—he probably dodged.

V., Currey's Springs, Tex., asks: "Can original soldier homestead claims be located and consigned by power of attorney? If so, can you give me the address of a reliable party who makes a specialty of such business?"—Land warrants can be sold or assigned, if that is what you mean. We do not know of any one who makes a specialty of that business.

CHARLES YOST, Weston, Wood Co., O., writes: "Can any of THE BLADE readers give me the name of the person or persons that were inquiring for the Yost family that moved from Toledo years ago? The inquiring parties were in Philadelphia. I was told of the inquiry, but my informant had forgotten the name. I sent for back numbers of THE BLADE, but could not get them."

E. N., Kirwin, Kan., writes: "Did not the Whigs have a majority in Congress in 1841, when the pre-emption act of September 4, 1841, was passed? The two great acts of Congress, benefitting the settler on Government land was the above act and the homestead act of May 20, 1862. I give the Whigs credit for the first and the Republicans credit for the last. Am I right?"—You are right.

CHEESE, Branden, Wis., asks: "1. Is it proper to address or call a United States Senator as Congressman? 2. Is not there a law requiring members of the two bodies to address each other according to his station, in the Senate and House?"—1. It is not customary to call a Senator a Congressman, although he is a member of Congress. Senator is the more proper address. 2. The rules of each House require such courtesy.

E. G. C., Offutt, Miss., asks: "Is the Grand Trunk Railway extended to Chicago? 2. What are its prospects? 3. What is the stock worth?"—1. No, but it has Chicago connections. 2. We do not know. 3. The stock is not quoted in the New York list. In London, Eng., at the latest dates, it was quoted as follows: First preference, 83¼@83⅝; third preference, 42¾@43; second preference, 83¼@83⅝. E. P. Beach, 265 Broadway, New York, is the General Agent in this country.

S. C., Osage Mission, Kan., writes: "1. I have invented a simple automatical car coupling, and patented the same. 2. What would be the best way to introduce it, and who should I lay it before? 3. Who are leading freight car manufacturers in this country, and where located?"—1. Consult some railroad man, engineer or conductor. 3. Barney & Smith, Dayton, O.; Wason Manufacturing Co., Springfield, Mass.; Harrisburg Car Co., Harrisburg, Pa.; Gilbert & Bush, Troy, N. Y.

J. H., Kutztown, Pa., writes: "Some time since I requested some information in the next issue about the word 'Brummel.' I have looked in vain for an explanation. Will you make an attempt in your next issue?"—If you mean Beau Brummel, he was a celebrated English man—celebrated for his love of dress and fastidious tastes. He inherit[illegible] £30,000, and for a long time was the recognized leader of fashion. He never earned a cent, however, and finally died a pauper. If you mean brumal, it signifies Winter.

F. R. H., Waukesha, Wis., asks: "After taking your paper for some time I noticed a great many inquiries and answers also. About three months ago as my brother and I were strolling through the woods we came across a nest of caliphmonks, and soon after some gofers, and taking them home we put them in a cage, and now they are as tame as possible to be. We should like to keep them through the winter, but we do not know their mode of living. Will any of your readers seeing this, give me the required information?"

A NEW READER, Marshfield, Wis., writes: "Will you, or some of your readers, tell me what will remove superfluous hair, and at the same time kill the roots of the hair so it will not grow again?"—Try a strong solution of sulphuret of barium, made into a paste, as wanted, with powdered starch, and at once applied. In from five to 15 minutes, or sooner, if much smarting occurs, the paste should be washed off with warm water, and a little cold cream or simple ointment applied to the part. Keep the preparation excluded from the air, and be careful in its use.

WM. KNOWLES, Rockville, Ind., would like to know the address of any of his relatives, as he has no knowledge of a simple blood relative in the world. His father's name was Edward Knowles and his mother Margaret Myers, married about 1831, he thinks in Virginia. His mother's father's name was William and she had a brother named George W. Father had one brother, named Columbus. Mother was from Virginia and thinks father was from Maryland. Any information in regard to either family will be thankfully received.

BERT WADE, Bozeman, Montana Ter. answers an inquiry from W. H. Teague as follows: "I notice your inquiry through THE BLADE in regard to your brother. I knew him in Sacramento and saw him the last time two years ago at terminus of U. & N. R. R., Idaho. I heard from him a short time ago, indirectly, as being at the new mining country of Wood River, and think the 'fine specimen of a man,' mentioned in the letter from the BLADE correspondent in that country refers to him."—We would again remind correspondents that answers to inquiries of this character should be sent directly to the parties interested. It is for this purpose that the full name and postoffice address is given. Please bear this in mind.

JOY, Ulster Co., N. Y., asks: "1. What wages are paid policemen in the different Cities? 2. What is required of any one to become such? 3. What is the difference between the Rebel flag and the Union flag? 4. What is the cost per 100 of printing books the size of the Nasby pamphlets?"—1. From $30 to $75 per month. 2. Generally, pleaty of muscle and cheek; sometimes a good character or recommendations. 3. The Rebel flag had stars and bars—11 stars; the Union flag has stars and stripes—38 stars. 4. It depends on the amount of type to be set—whether compact or loose—and on the number of copies printed. One hundred would cost nearly as much as 1,000, as the press work and paper is a small matter, after the "forms" have been "made ready."

A SUBSCRIBER, Ottawa, Kans., writes: "1. Did the demonetization of silver cause any loss to the Government? If so, how much? A Democrat says the Government lost $800,000,000 thereby. 2. Please explain and state the number of Senators and Representatives of each party who voted for the bill. 3. Did all the Democratic members vote for remonetization?"—1. None to the Government, but individuals may have suffered a loss. 2. The bill demonetizing silver seems not to have been understood by but a few members of Congress, and cannot, therefore, be called a party question. Members of both parties, voting for the bill, afterwards declared they had no idea the effect of it would be to demonetize silver. 3. You will find this answered in reply to W. S. G.

J. A. S., Coose, Ind., asks: "1. What was the text of the bill W. H. English was the author of relating to the admission of Kansas? 2. Did not Hill, of Georgia, use language to the effect that as soon as the Democrats got control of the Government they would undo all Republican legislation?"—1. The bill of Mr. English provided for the submission of the Lecompton Constitution, recognizing slavery, and unless the Constitution was ratified, Kansas was to be remanded to a Territorial condition. The people rejected the proposition with scorn, notwithstanding it was sugar-coated with proffered bribes of lands and public improvements. 2. We think you refer to Blackburn, of Kentucky, who made use of some such threat, though he has since denied it.

E. H., Lawrence, Kan., writes: "What were the crimes and misdemeanors of Pres. Johnson? 2. What standpoint did E. G. Ross take to vote against conviction? 3. Give us a little history of Ross, the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, and is editor of the foulest Democratic paper on the globe."—1. The impeachment of Johnson grew out of the removal of Stanton, as Secretary of War. The Senate declined to recognize the removal, and Stanton refused to vacate the Secretaryship. 2. Ross acted as a juror in the impeachment trial; he was not called upon to explain his vote, simply to answer "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." He was not in the Senate long enough to make much history. He was "mustered out" soon after the impeachment trial closed, and has not been heard of outside of Kansas since; and after the election in November will again sink into obscurity.

CHATAUA, Sacoffee, Mo., asks: "1. Where must I write to get a copy of the best temperance paper published in the United States? 2. Give me the address of some house that publishes Phrenological works. 3. How many words in a minute can the fastest stenographer write? 4. Was Gen. James A. Garfield elected to Congress while he was in the late war? 5. Did he accept? 6. R.B. Was Gen. Hayes in the war when he was elected to Congress, and did he accept?"—1. There are so many temperance publications—all good—that we are at a loss to recommend any one. Try your own State first.—National Prohibitionist, St. Louis, semi-monthly; Prohibition Advocate, Montrose, weekly. 2. Phrenological Journal and Science of Health, New York City. 3. About 200. 4. He was. 5. He did. 6. He was elected, but did not take his seat until December 4, 1865.

W. L. B., Fredericktown, O., writes: "1. I would like to have you publish a complete list of the cutting sayings of H. Greeley against the Democratic party? 2. Where is Mason and Dixon's line? 3. Who invented gambling cards?"—1. Mr. Greeley said so many cutting things about the Democracy that to publish all would require a book of something over 1,000 pages. 2. It begins at the northeast corner of Maryland and runs due west 140 miles; it was marked out in 1763 to settle boundary disputes between Pennsylvania and Maryland. It afterwards became more generally known as the line dividing free and slave States. 3. They are supposed to be of Asiatic origin, but the name of the inventor has not been handed down to fame. Cards were introduced into Europe about the 12th century, but the designs have undergone many changes since. The use of cards in Italy is mentioned as early as 1299, and in France in 1393. They were prohibited by several Governments, but this only increased the demand for them.

W. T., Sarpy Center, Neb., writes: "Please let me know how the Electoral votes of each State are counted. For instance, as New York has 35 Electoral votes—now if 20 are cast for Gen. Garfield and 15 for Gen. Hancock, would all the votes of the whole State be counted for Garfield, or will the 15 for Hancock not be counted at all, or will 20 be for Garfield and 15 for Hancock?"—In voting for Electors the people vote indirectly for President; in New York for instance, there are 35 names on the Republican ticket and the same number on the Democratic; these names represent the choice of the party in making known their Presidential preferences; there would be no object, therefore, in "scratching" a name, and it is reasonable to suppose, that, unless fraud is practiced, each name will poll the full strength of the party; but should it happen that a part of the Democratic ticket received more votes than a given number on the Republican ticket, or *vice versa*, then the certificate of election would issue to those having the highest number of votes, and the Electors so chosen would cast their votes for President and Vice-President. There is nothing but a sense of honor to prevent an Elector from voting for the opposition ticket, but this has been strong enough heretofore, and will like always be so.

J. C. C., Hazen, N. J., submits the following: "Will some of your readers give me a correct answer to the following enigma?:

'God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.
My body he did make complete,
Without an arm, or legs or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
But fashioned me without a soul.
A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
Then from his presence I withdrew—
Nor more of Adam ever knew.
I did my Maker's laws obey;
From them I never went astray.
Thousands of miles I run in fear,
Put seldom on the earth appear.
Now God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me;
But soon of me God did claim
And took from me that soul again.
Now soon as that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made—
Without an arm, or foot, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole;
I labor hard, both day and night,
To fellow man I give much light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Shall by my death great light behold.
No fear of death shall trouble me,
For bliss or woe I ne'er shall see.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the dismal shades below."

S. S. Keokok Junction, Ill., writes: "If not asking too much of you, your many readers would like you to print the Democratic National platforms of 1860-64-68-72-76-80." If you can not publish in full give a synopsis of each one under their respective dates."—This is asking too much, as the matter has been published and re published in THE BLADE time and again. There were two wings of the Democratic party in 1860. The Douglas wing proposed to leave all constitutional questions to the decision of the Supreme Court; the Breckenridge wing demanded protection for slavery in the Territories, and the enforcement of the fugitive slave law. Both wings favored the acquisition of the Island of Cuba. The platform of 1864 declared the war for the Union a failure and demanded that "immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States." The Convention of 1868 demanded the immediate restoration of all the States; amnesty for all political offenses; payment of the debt as rapidly as practical; equal taxation; one currency for all (which meant greenbacks then); complimented Chief Justice Chase and thanked Andrew Johnson for resisting the Republican Congress; denounced the re-construction acts as usurpations, unconstitutional revolutionary, null and void. The platform of 1872 recognized the equality of all men before the law; opposed the reopening of questions settled by the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution; demanded local self government and a speedy return to specie payment; declared against a second term for President, and remitted tariff questions to the people of the several districts. The platforms of 1876 and 1880 must be familiar to all newspaper readers.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28. Vital Weakness and Prostration, from Over-Exertion, or Indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, $1. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. Illust. Catalogue free. 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CINCHONIDINE

PHYSICIANS say it is a PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for the sulphate quinine. Superior in tonic properties, and produces no disagreeable effect.

Dose the Same as Sulphate Quinine.

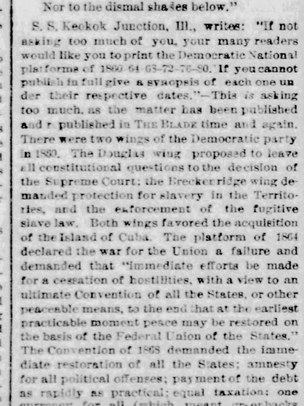
Sold by all Druggists, or Sent by Mail, price $1.50 per oz.

BILLINGS, CLAPP & CO., CHEMISTS, BOSTON

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D New York City.

HOP BITTERS.



If you are a man overworked, underpaid, or troubled with any disease, weakness or habit, use Hop Bitters.

If you are young and thinking of marriage, or old, single or married, with any disease, or feel sick, use Hop Bitters.

Whenever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaints, any of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

If you are sick, low-spirited, nervous or have the blues, don't fail to use Hop Bitters. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

If you are a man of business or a lady tasking your brain with household cares, Hop Bitters will prevent or cure you.

If you are a minister, lawyer, editor, or mother, suffering from any impurity of the blood, Hop Bitters will cure you.

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for circular. HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Can.

KIDNEY PAD.

DAY'S Kidney PAD

A CURE for the most prevalent and fatal diseases that afflict mankind will be FOUND AT LAST. Invalids should not suffer one day longer. Don't die but prove this to be true. KIDNEY DISEASE, STOP IT NOW; apply Day's Kidney Pad AT ONCE, and be cured of all affections of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. It is the only treatment that will cure NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, and that distressing complaint, "BACK ACHE." It will annually save many times its cost in medicines and plasters, which at best give but temporary relief. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, $2. Our book, "How a Life Was Saved," giving a history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures, sent free. Write for it.

DAY MIDNEY PAD CO., Toledo, O.

WARNER'S

Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf of Rare Value, and is a

POSITIVE REMEDY

for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the body—for

Torpid Liver, Headaches, Jaundice, Dizziness, Gravel, Malaria,

And all difficulties of the

Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs.

For

FEMALE DISEASES.

Monthly Menstruations, and during Pregnancy, it has no equal. It restores the organs that MAKE the blood, and hence is the best **Blood Purifier.** It is the only known remedy that cures Bright's Disease. For Diabetes, use **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

For sale by Druggists and all Dealers at $1.25 per bottle. Largest bottles in the market. Try it.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

KIDNEY WORT.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Medicine

That Acts at the Same Time on

The Liver, the Bowels and the Kidneys.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, or Rheumatic Pains and Aches,

are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

will restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why Suffer longer from the torment of an Aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.

It is a dry vegetable compound and

One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.

Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

(Will send post paid.)

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected. Instructions will tell you how to use it. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

For sale by Druggists generally.

HARRIS' PASTILLE.

THE PASTILLE

FOR Harris' Radical Cure

TradeMark

FOR

NERVOUS DEBILITY

AND SPERMATORRHŒA.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SAFE AND EASY.

A valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for Nervous and permanent Sexual Emissions and Impotency by the only true way, viz: Direct application to the parts, the seat of the Disease, acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Excitors and Prostatic Glands and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life. It is entirely disguised and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the nervous organization, those wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, etc., etc., and the appearance of premature old age, thereby accomplishing this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, when it has been lost. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Drugs are too much prescribed in these troubles, and, as a rule, are worse than useless to, with but little if any permanent good. There is no Nonsense about this Preparation. Practical observation has proved to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction. During the eight years that it has been in use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered for curing these troubles. Impotency, trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery. Don't be deceived by quacks and pretenders with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes, of three sizes. No. 1, enough to last a month, $3; No. 2, sufficient to effect a permanent cure, unless in severe cases, $5; No. 3, lasting over three months, will stop emissions and restore vigor in the worst cases, $7. Sent by mail, sealed, in plain wrappers. Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX.

Send for Sealed Descriptive Pamphlets giving Anatomical Illustrations and Testimonials, which will convince you that the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sold ONLY by

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS
Market and 8th Sts. ST. LOUIS, MO.

CARDS.

40 Elegant Chromo cards, with name, 10c. postpaid 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Elegant Cards, New Chromos, Gothic, silk-fringe &c. with name, 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

50 New Styles Chromos, with name, 10c. 30 Agents samples, 10c. Climax Co., Northford Ct.

40 Lovely Chromo Cards, New Designs, Jet-Ink, with name, 10c. Star Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Fancy Cards, 10c. 20 Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name on, 10c., postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

53 Gilt-edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace, &c. cards, Name on, 10c. Franklin Pr'g Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

30 all Chromo, Scroll, Rose and Friendship cards, 10c; Law & Co., Fair Haven, Ct. (formerly New Haven.)

50 Chromo, Motto, Shells, Scrolls, &c., Cards in case, with name, 10c. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

6 Love letters, 24 Illustrated Escort Cards, 8 Popular songs (assorted) 10c. F. E. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

52 Mottoes and 100 Illustrated Escort and Transparent Cards, all for 15c. F. Wadsworth, Westville, Ct.

50 New Style Cards, Gilt and Floral Chromo, Motto, Scroll, &c. with Name, 10c. LINSLY & Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, She ls, Comic, Roses, Scrolls, etc. Cards in case, name on, 10c. Potter & Co., Montowese, Conn.

40 all Chromo Cards, new designs, name on, 10c. Agents book of samples, 25c. Eagle Card Co., Northford, Ct.

20 New Chromo Cards, Bouquet, Motto or Moss Rose, with name, 10 cents. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, New York.

50 Elegant Cards, 50 styles, with name, 10c.; 40 Transparents, 10c. Stamps taken. W. Koons, Brockport, N. Y.

52 Perfumed Snowflake and Chromo Cards, with name, 10c; 40 all Chromos, 10c. Star Card Co., Cliftonville, Ct.

50 Bow, Motto, Chromo, Horse Shoe, Scrolls, &c. Cards, with name, in case, 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Beautiful cards, including chromos, with name, 10c. 25 styles acq. cards, 10c. Dowd & Co., Winsted, Ct.

50 Cards, latest designs Blue Belles, Fern Leaves, Horse Shoes, Chromos, 10c. Branford Printing Co., Branford, Ct.

64 Page Autograph Album, Illustrated with 32 pen scrolls, Japanese pictures etc. and 40 album quotations, all for 10c. J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass.

CHOICE LOT OF PEACH, APPLE AND OTHER Fruit Trees and Plants at Bottom Prices. Prices Free. Mention paper. Address R. S. JOHNSTON, Stockley, Del.

MISCELLANEOUS

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. If you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, together with name and date of marriage, give your birth date, send 50c. and stamp for 10 sheets, 96 to 99 Fox, Box 34, Fultonville, N. Y.

FREE—FREE.—An immense descriptive catalogue of the very best Novels, Plays, speakers, Dialogues, Song Books, 32 miscellaneous Books, Music and articles for an amateur Paper. Beautiful Card mailed free on application to DEWITT, Publisher, 33 Rose St., New York.

$23 DOUBLE-BARRELLED GUNS, genuine Twist Barrels.
$14 DOUBLE-LOADING DOUBLE GUNS, $10 SINGLE-LOADING DOUBLE GUNS, $7.50 Best quality Rifles for the money in the world. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents Wanted.
JAMES BOWN & SONS,
139 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Established 1838. Gun Works. Established 1845.

MAGIC LANTERNS STEREOPTICONS
PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS GIVEN. HOW TO GIVE THEM. CATALOGUE FREE.
C. T. MILLIGAN,
125 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADA.

NEEDLES.
We will mail pre paid to any address one dozen Sewing Machine Needles for any machine made, upon receipt of 25 cents. We have on hand a Large Stock of the very best Sewing Machine Needles made. Will warrant every one perfect, and refund the money to any one who complains.
Address TOLEDO NEEDLE CO., Toledo, O.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech-Loaders, Rifles, and Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illustrated Catalogue (B) P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

THE DEAF HEAR by the use of Rhodes' Audiphone, indorsed by the most eminent aurists and medical men of the age. The only appliance ever invented that restores the hearing. For full description, with testimonials from hundreds of the afflicted who hear by its use, address
RHODES AUDIPHONE CO., Chicago, Ill.

STOVE PIPE SHELF AND UTENSIL STAND.
AGENTS WANTED for the most convenient article ever offered to housekeepers. Agents meet with greater success than ever. One agent made $192 in 15 days, another $38 in 2 days, another $27 in 1 day. Boxing and Freight Free to Agents. Send for circular and terms. Address
J. E. SHEPARD & CO.,
Cincinnati, O., or St. Louis, Mo.

TIME, 25 CENTS.
WE will send to every reader of this paper a SOLAR POCKET TIME INDICATOR, fit for either a lady or gentleman. (Not a watch, but an instrument.) Tells little sun is beautiful in design and finish, and is warranted to denote correct time for two years. Sent by mail for 25 cents. Postage stamps taken as cash.
W. SCOTT,
Box 21, Parkville, New York.

LADIES THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL is the best Magazine for Ladies and families. It contains every month a Steel Plate Engraving of the Latest Paris Fashions. Also patterns, and 40 pages stories, illustrated, Recipes, Music, Poetry, &c. Price, 25 cents per number.
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 31 Beekman street, New York.

For Young or Old. Do Your Own Printing!
$3 Presses for cards, envelopes, labels, etc. If you prefer a larger size, $5, $14, $25, $44, &c. Type setting easily printed instructions. Do your own printing and advertising. Money made fast in any place jobbing or running a newspaper. Catalogue of types, Cards, &c. for 2 stamps. Kelsey & Co., Mfrs. Meriden, Ct.

BEST ORGAN BEST Reed Organ for $30, finically adapted for the use of Sunday Schools and Prayer Meetings; sent free on trial; no money necessary till received, tested and found satisfactory. CONVENIENCE NEVER BEFORE OFFERED. Also a splendid Double Reed 9 Stop Cabinet Organ for only $45. Address CHURCHILL & CO., 208 Broadway, New York. N. Y.

$30

25 Useful Articles and Agents' Circular SENT FREE for a 2 Cent Stamp to pay postage and packing.
LONDON NEEDLE CO.
22, 24 & 26 4th Ave., New York.
Mention Toledo BLADE

Merchants, Manufacturers, Nurserymen, Florists, Stationers and Business People everywhere are delighted with, and Make and Save Money by using the world renowned Model PRINTING PRESS

It is large enough to do all the printing required by any business house, and is so simple that any boy can manage it. It will do hundreds of dollars worth of work every year. We make twelve sizes, from 3x5 inches to 12x18 inches inside the chase. Send for catalogue, containing full particulars, and good specimens of printing done by the Model. Send 2 cent stamp for circulars, &c. The MODEL PRESS has made for itself a history in the past, and has a record for the future. Dr. R. H. Mc Donald, Troy, Texas, writes: "My Model PRESS has more than paid for itself already in cash earned by it." Mr. Wm. Hall, Jr., Hall's Corners, N. Y., writes: "I have earned more than you claim in my circulars."—I. H. Sayford, Newton, N. H., First Prize at Paris, 1878, writes: "The Model PRESS is the best I ever saw for the money."
J. W. Daughaday & Co., 721 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HISTORY OF POLITICAL PARTIES AND OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT,
From Colonial Days to the Present Date.
The most Valuable Publication of the age. & Strictly Non-Partisan.
Entirely new in design, comprehensive and exhaustive, with beautiful Steel MAPS and DIAGRAMS, showing at a glance the constantly changing Political Status of the Country from 1607 to the present time. Also a full Biographical Sketch of all the Presidents, Governors, and other high officials, their popular and electoral vote, thereby placing the result in condensed form before the mind to imbibe and retain that which are given both to the eye and the thought. The most prominent through this Country are set forth in full detail, and the whole work is designed to be of the most practical value to the student, and to prepare and ease the researches of years reduced to such a degree that any work heretofore issued by the press. Send for Book Circular at 65c. and as a Chart at $5. AGENTS WANTED everywhere at once. Big PAY. ARRANGER, DAVIS & CO., Pubs., Indianapolis, Ind.

PENSIONS.

PENSIONS.
EVERY SOLDIER disabled in line of duty by wound, disease, or injury, is entitled to pension.
PENSIONS INCREASED. Many are drawing less than entitled to. Thousands of Heirs entitled to Pension and Bounty. REJECTED CASES re-open. etc. ABANDONED CASES Revived. Copies of Lost Discharges obtained. Claims of every description prosecuted. PATENTS PROCURED. Address, with stamp,
P. D. BERLIN & CO., Att'y's.
Box 392, Washington, D. C.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 14 STOPS, ONLY $65.00.

This Organ Contains.

BEATTY'S Patent Stop ACTION, 14 STOPS, 4 SET REEDS, SUB BASS AND OCTAVE COUPLER

The Celebrated Vox Celeste and Vox Humana Stops are used in this Organ.

Names of Stops.

1) Diapason Forte
2) Sub Bass,
3) Principal Forte
4) Dulcet,
5) Diapason,
6) Grand Organ,
7) VOX HUMANA,
8) Echo,
9) Flute,
10) Dulciana,
11) Octave,
12) VOX CELESTE
13) Octave Coupler,
14) Piano Forte

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1880.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends, at as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Instructions to Agents.

Address, THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

For President,
JAMES A. GARFIELD, of Ohio.

For Vice President,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR, of New York.

WHY THE SOUTH IS SOLID FOR HANCOCK.

"Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT for FOUR YEARS. Remember the men who poured forth their life-blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket."—Wade Hampton, at the meeting in the interest of Democratic harmony in Virginia, at Staunton, July 26, 1880.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Column 1—Step by Step—Poetry.
" 2-3-4—"File of Infantrymen."
" 5-6-7-8—Penelope's Web.

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1-2—Around Cape Horn.
" 3-4—Miscellaneous Correspondence.
" 5—Letter from Buckeye.
" 6-8—Popular Science—Miscellany.

THIRD PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4-5-6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—The Elections.
" 3—Religion and Politics.
" 4—Time for Work.
" 5—Southern Popular Education.
" 6—The Dulcigno Matter.
" 7—"Nasby."
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Boston Letter.
" 3-4—New York Letter.
" 3-4—Letter from Buckeye.
" 4-5—Miscellaneous Correspondence.
" 5-6—Minor Topics.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7—Our Young Folks.
" 8—The Sunday School.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—The Farm.
" 4-5-6—Telegraphic News.
" 7-8—Grant on Hancock—Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 2-3-4—Latest Telegraphic News.
" 5-6—Business Review of the Week.
" 6-7—Telegraphic Markets.
" 8—Advertisements.

Circulation This Week, 109,000.

THIS is the season of renewals, and some of THE BLADE subscribers do not seem to understand that no paper is sent out until paid for. There is some excuse for their negligence in the absorbing interest taken in the pending elections. THE BLADE at all times truthful in regard to its circulation, as in all other matters, acknowledge the loss of 1,000 names since the last edition went to press. This loss, however, will be but temporary. A glance at the club lists, in another column, will show that THE BLADE still leads all competitors in the range of its readers. A paper that can show a circulation of 109,000 copies at this season of the year, can appeal with confidence to the business men of the country. A three line advertisement in THE BLADE is worth more to the advertiser than half a column in any other paper published in the United States.

SEND for the Nasby Pamphlets and the BLADE Leaflets. Circulate them by the thousand.

HANCOCK has lost 10 pounds in weight since his nomination, and it is no wonder, considering the weight he has to carry.

CIRCULATE the Nasby Pamphlets and BLADE Leaflets by the thousand. We want to send out a million of them within the next 10 days. There are no more effective campaign documents printed.

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* says the Democrats of that State will be found on top when the votes are counted. Yes, there's where they get in their work—in the "count."

INDIANAPOLIS *Journal:*

There is an old chap called Landers,
Who over the country meanders;
But the day will soon come,
When he'll hie to his home,
And outwear the army in Flanders.

SEE the prices of the Nasby pamphlets and BLADE Leaflets on fifth page. There should be a million of them circulated within 10 days. They are brief, concise statements of the issues involved in the election, and are doing a great work.

REMARKING upon the Southern railroad time-table, which is ornamented with pictures of JEFF. DAVIS and his Cabinet, the Springfield *Republican* sees much propriety in it. "JEFF. DAVIS ran a fast line shortly after LEE'S surrender." He also had some experience in sleeping cars.

THE average politician of this country may think we are pretty well supplied with parties and party platforms, but what would he think if he had to keep track of politics in Germany? The Imperial Parliament there is already divided into 10 parties, and another is being formed. Some day the parties in Germany, like those in the United States, will come together until there will be but two powerful parties contending for supremacy; and then farewell to Imperialism.

THE canvass in Indiana shows that only a small per cent. of the once powerful Greenback party in that State now act with that organization. That party there now—what there is of it—is made up of new material; and it is this fact that is giving the Democrats the most anxiety. They deprecate the efforts of Chairman BARNUM to bring about a fusion in Indiana; they say if such a thing is pushed the Republicans will reap the benefit of the agitation. They are gone, any way they fix it, and BARNUM had better send his mules to some other market.

THE ELECTIONS.

We go to press as the polls are closing in Ohio and Indiana, after a day of feverish excitement, and intense strain on both parties. The vote polled has been unprecedentedly large in both States, and though nothing can be said definitely as to the result, there is every reason for believing that both have been carried for the Republicans by a handsome majority. There will be substantial fruits in this victory as well as prestige, because a considerable reduction of the number of Democratic Congressmen will be one of the accompaniments of such success.

Contrary to general expectations, there was no serious outbreak in Indiana. The Republicans were so thoroly aroused and showed such determination that the Democrats were reluctant to force matters to an extremity, altho they had made the most complete preparations to overthrow their political opponents. Never before in this country has the political campaign taken on so much of the appearance of a military campaign as the one just ended in Indiana. It was the battle ground in more senses than one. The Democrats flooded the State with armed bullies, the old Sons of Liberty organizations were revived, and the Governor contemplated organizing several militia regiments in the interests of the Democracy. The Republicans were no less resolute, and met their old enemies with the undaunted front of former times.

We confidently expect to congratulate our readers next week on a sweeping victory, which will practically end the Presidential campaign by demonstrating to a certainty the election of GARFIELD and ARTHUR.

JUSTICE TO HANCOCK.

There are two sides to everything, except Democratic campaign lies, which are too thin to have more than one.

Now, therefore, when it is insisted that GEN. HANCOCK'S military services shall not be depreciated, the substantial justness of the demand secures its ready acceptance. The Republican party has been too zealous an advocate of all that is due the men who served their country to refuse justice to one of them because he opposes it in politics.

There is no Republican who hesitates for a moment to say that HANCOCK was a brave, skilful officer, who handled his command in battle with judgment and gallantry. He stands in the front ranks of the second class of leaders in our war—an admirable executant of other men's planning, but without the ability of GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and THOMAS in organizing and carrying out independent campaigns. He was hardly rated so highly as MCPHERSON, MEADE, BURNSIDE, HOOKER and HOWARD, but given a place with LOGAN, SEDGWICK, SUMNER, WARREN, SICKLES, SLOCUM and that grade of officers.

This was the place assigned him by impartial criticism long before he was thought of as a candidate, and it was the one in which he seemed content to go down to history.

But the Democrats are not content with justice being done GEN. HANCOCK—they insist on an injustice being done every other General associated with him during the War that he may be adorned with the laurels plucked from their brows.

Each of the men that took prominent part in the battle of Gettysburg, values the credit for what he did there quite as HANCOCK does his. It is shamefully cruel to rob them—to plunder their families and children of their hard earned fame, to enrich with it one whose dessert is no greater than theirs. It is all very well to talk of giving HANCOCK his just duties; but his friends only seem careful that the Republicans shall do this, while they themselves are actively plundering MEADE, HOWARD, REYNOLDS, SICKLES, SCHURZ, BUFORD, and a dozen others of equal merit, of the reputation won on that bloody field. They do not hesitate, in their anxiety to boost their own favorite, to shamefully slander all the others associated with him. Sec. SCHURZ, who displayed signal gallantry and good generalship that day, is denounced as a cowardly incompetent, in order to make a foil for HANCOCK'S "superb" soldiership. Gen. MEADE—who was one of the most accomplished of soldiers—is reduced to a mere figurehead for the same purpose. As he is dead, and has left no sons to defend his memory, these ghouls of reputation feel that they can pursue their nefarious work without fear.

The spectacle is a pitiful one. If the Democracy were not dead to shame they would blush at the miserable work they are doing, and the inconsistency of their protestations with their practices.

"HOW SHALL TWO WALK TOGETHER UNLESS THEY ARE AGREED?"

RANDALL in his speech Friday night was very earnest in his appeal to workingmen to vote as they chose and not allow themselves to be influenced by their employers, but see what the Southern wing of the party says about it:

OUGHT TO BE KICKED OUT.

The Greenville (S. C.) *News* prints a communication from Williamston, that State, in which the writer say: Non employment remains to be resorted to. Surely, it could not prove less effective than persuasion has been for the last 15 years. If men won't listen to reason they can certainly be made to feel. Let them feel for a time what it is to be rejected by those from whom they derive their support, then will they realize how bad it is to be constantly endeavoring to tear down their employers and bring ruin upon the whole country. This is not a question of moral right, it is simply a matter of potent expediency. We have the indisputable right to give preference to those who act in accordance with our views, and the same right to reject those who are bent on effecting our ruin by their obstinacy. In our Town we have a negro who claims to be a leader among the colored population in the exercise of liberties. He is a man of sufficient intelligence to act with better judgment than he displays. He tells the negro who cannot read that he is a scholar, and if they will just follow him and vote for Garfield, and pay no attention to what the white folks say, they will be all right. What ought to be done with such a character as that? Must we give him employment, give him good wages just to poison the minds of negros, who, but for their confidence in this man's *learning*, would take the advice of their employers and vote for Hancock in November? Is it expedient to employ such a negro? Is it right? If you please, I dare say it is not; and ex Gov. Perry is correct when he intimates that such a character ought to be kicked out of the community.

SOON after HANCOCK'S nomination some enthusiastic ex soldiers of Oswego, N. Y., formed a Hancock Legion, and there was a great blow in Democratic papers over the affair. It was a sickly concern, from the start. The promoters of it, soon perceiving that they had made a mistake, abandoned it to its fate. The recruits were few, and finally the organization was disbanded. There now floats a Garfield banner where the Legion once met.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

A very significant discussion took place on Monday night at the usual "Weekly Conference" of the Baptist ministers of New York and Brooklyn. The debate originated in the report of the Executive Committee, containing a recommendation that the Conference spend the session of the first Monday of November in earnest prayer for the country.

This seemed a natural enough thing to suggest. Christian men—praying men—are in the habit of interceding the LORD, in emergencies sufficiently important to justify calling His attention to them of over their side of the case. It is an eminently proper course. Divine help should be implored to crown and bless every momenteus act in life, and to not ask it shows a contemptuous disregard of an overruling Providence. What more natural then that pastors, who are keenly alive to all that concerns the welfare of mankind, should feel a spontaneous impulse to invoke the Throne of Grace to extend an active guardianship over the country in the crisis through which it will pass on the first Tuesday in November? We do not see how any man who loves his country, who believes in the active control of human affairs by a Supreme Being, could reconcile his conscience to any failure to earnestly solicit the energetic help of the LORD in deciding the issue of the contest in the direction of the highest attainable good.

But the debate took an aspect from the first that in anything less grave would seem comical. Everybody assuming that any appeal to GOD ALMIGHTY for his favor to the country must necessarily be a plea for Republican success. The good brethren seemed to deprecate this; each began his remarks with a strong disclaimer of partizanship in the matter, but before he got through he let it be seen that it was his firm belief, that if the LORD took any part in the campaign it would be on the side of the Republican party, and therefore to pray for His help was, as Rev. Dr. EDDY stated it, "that everybody knows it would be equivalent to praying for the Republican party."

They felt that JOHN KELLY and the rest of the Democracy would so regard it, also, and hold that invoking the influence of Heaven would be something akin to the use of troops at the polls—the introduction of a foreign element hostile to the Democracy.

At last, the reverend gentleman resolved to brave the sneers of the Democracy, and by adopting the report, devote the Monday preceding the election to earnest supplications of the Almighty to order all electoral things for the best.

THE FINANCIAL ISSUE.

If there were no other argument to show Republicans the absolute necessity of working with might and main to prevent a Democratic victory, the effect that the bare possibility of such a thing has upon the business of the country is sufficient. Aside from this uncertainty everything is moving along prosperously and advantageously both with home industries and foreign trade, but the prospects of a complete change in the financial policy of the Government bringing confusion where now is order is not a pleasant one to contemplate, and does not tend to produce that confidence necessary for large business operations.

"We have heard that story of ruin to the country following a change of party administration all of our lives," says some Conservative, "but we do not see but that we are all right yet." So we are, but look back at the past. It is not necessary to go farther than one quarter of a century, and you find this very party, which is now exerting every energy to obtain control of the Government, bringing all the horrors of a civil war upon a happy people. Through its machinations the land was drenched with blood, a heavy debt saddled upon the Nation, which only by the strenuous efforts and skill of the Republican leaders has been lifted. Given a Democratic victory this Fall and it puts all financial measures into the hands of men who vigorously opposed, step by step, the resumption of specie payment. It puts them under the control of those who believe in the rascality of the repudiation of honest debts. It would make a radical change in money laws by substituting experiments for what has been tried and found successful, under which the country has made strides forward that have filled the world with astonishment. To check this advancing prosperity, to throw the country back into financial troubles out of which it has been lifted, these would be sad results but in one direction of HANCOCK'S election.

The New York *Tribune* well says:

Every debt statement is an argument against a change of Administration. The Republican party has so adjusted the revenue laws that an enormous revenue flows into the Treasury each month, and the public debt is rapidly reduced, without exposing home industry to hurtful competition from abroad. Under no Democratic Administration has it ever been found possible to raise a large revenue, even for a short time, without severe prostration of home industry. Yet the largest revenue ever raised by a Democratic Administration, even at the cost of serious industrial disasters, was insignificant compared with that which the Republican party secures, month after month and year after year, as a result of marvelous prosperity in all branches of industry and trade.

These arguments are trite if to have them oft repeated makes them so, but it is necessary to keep them before the people in season and out of season, so vital is the issue, considered solely with reference to financial matters, without thinking of the reinstatement of the old matters which were settled upon the hotly contested battlefields of the Rebellion.

THE Democratic welcome to BEN. BUTLER has not been as cordial as it should have been. It has pained us to notice a disposition on the part of some Democratic newspapers to rebuff the new recruit. It is so seldom a kind word is said in his behalf that when one is found it should be preserved. This from the Little Rock *Gazette*, is very touching:

Let the old man have a chance. He is now approaching the evening of his life, and on his head and among his remaining gray hairs the failing twilight plays. Let it play. Away back beind him, in the political West, there is a red murky spot where his old sun went down. In front of him rises a Democratic moon. Help yourself, old man. Take just as much of the cake as you can get, and it is reasonable to suppose that you can get your share.

GEN. MILLMAN, who has been claimed by the Democrats as a "flopper," for HANCOCK, publishes a card in the New York *Tribune* emphatically denying the charge of base. He is heart and soul with the Republican party.

TIME FOR WORK.

Intense conviction is the key to success. A negative kind of acquiescence in any great movement upon the part of many concerned will insure defeat. It is not enough to *say* that a thing is right and *ought* to be so, but it should be *felt* that it must be at any cost. This it was that brought victory to the Union armies enabling them to put down a rebellion inaugurated and carried on by the blackest treason upon record. The Union soldiers fought with a desperation born of the strong conviction that their cause was just, and the country must be saved from dismemberment at all hazards. It was saved. Nine out of ten of these soldiers were Republicans then and have voted the Republican ticket since, sure that it was the party of progress in whose hands all the great interests of the nation is safe. They thrill to the memories of the old struggle when they are brought before them, and are ready to fight again for the issues then involved.

And yet unless aroused by something out of the ordinary course of events, the years have brought a *seeming* indifference to men and measures which may result disastrously. A new generation of voters have arisen too, who, not having felt the terrors of those old days, and worked upon by the apparently fair talk of forgiveness and conciliation, are ready to make terms with those who are still traitors, to believe that after all it would not so much matter if there should be a change in administration. They do not understand—they cannot realize how much depends upon the success or defeat of Republican principles this fall.

The whole history of the Democratic party of to day is conservatism—that conservatism that lethargizes and finally destroys. If aroused out of this, it has been only to pull down, and sweep away what the better part of the Nation had with infinite pains built up. To accomplish its objects it has relied upon Ku-Kluxism in some form, upon appeals to the baser part of mens' natures; it has used the ignorance of the foreign immigrants to subserve its purposes. Upon the contrary, the Republican party, from its very inception until now, has been a party of progress; it has dealt with vital issues in a way to bring peace and prosperity to the Nation, and it has *never* betrayed its country. It is the only party competent to deal with the living questions of to-day. The policy of reaction which would be inaugurated should the Democrats come into power would be dangerous, if not fatal to prosperity. State Rights which is again lifting its hydra head, would, in some form, bring misery upon the people. It is the avowed purpose of the "Solid South" in case of success to pit itself against the principles and measures of the Republican party, and ot only to demand, but to obtain the control of the Government. But—and here is what every Republican voter must think of—it is declared by the leading business men of the South, if defeated now, they will give up the struggle, settle down to good citizenship, and turn their attention to home development under the laws of a united land.

Now is the time for work, hard work, work that will tell. Every Republican must arouse to action. He must remember how vital are the issues involved, and that it is of the utmost importance that he array himself upon the right side. Now is no time for temporizing. Now is not the time to stop to criticise men or to find fault. He holds Republican principles to be right, therefore he must fight for them with his whole heart if he would do his duty. After the election is over, victory-crowned, he may turn his energies to the work of righting what he may deem wrong in the conduct of his party. Until then let there be no flagging, no indifference, no trusting that all will be well in any case, but strong, earnest, fair fighting from this time until November.

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

"Independent in opinion with regard to all matters of moment" is a very fascinating expression and one involuntarily associates intrepidity, moral courage, in fact, every thing that goes to make up perfect manhood with the person who takes that for his motto. Quite as often it means one who has no decided opinion about anything but drifts first one side then to the other, or sitting upon the fence in an uncertain sort of way, is easily tumbled over to lie until some one sets him up again ready to be pushed the other way. Better believe something and believe it with all one's might and main, even if there is a chance of being wrong, than to disbelieve everything and be veering around to all points of the compass. Of course there is decision and there is pig-headedness, but the latter quality is quite as likely to belong for the time being to these people who claim to be "independent" as to others.

It is with newspapers as with individuals. In reading through the columns of most of those who claim that they have no political preferences, but will support the men and measures thought by them in the right, one cannot but be struck with the lack of principle often exhibited. Prejudice is substituted so far as men are concerned, and like or dislike of the originators of measures governs the view taken of them. "Neither Democrats, Republicans or Greenbackers" means politically too often "ready to be bought by the highest bidder." Where the principles of parties are so diametrically opposed to each other, there can be by no honest man or paper, any sitting on the fence.

"Then" says some enthusiastic supporter of the doctrine of independence, "you would have everybody vote with his party no matter what he thinks of the man." In a Presidential election the majority of the people know little of a nominee outside of his public life, and no great party will make a man its standard bearer when that is hopelessly bad. Voting for GARFIELD means voting to uphold Republican principles, believing them the best for the Nation. Were his record not clear, it would still be the duty of every Republican to work for his success, since defeat means defeat of principle, and the Nation must suffer. It is only in municipal elections that the man must take precedence of the party with the voter.

True independence is to be admired—that independence of thought and action which is the result of a careful, conscientious, unprejudiced examination of a matter, and not that misnamed condition proceeding from contrariness and love of contradiction which seems inherent in many natures, and which characterizes some of the so called independent-in-politics papers of the day.

SOUTHERN POPULAR EDUCATION.

A Mississippi paper, the Meridian *Mercury*, one of the most rampant haters of the North by the way, takes occasion recently to say in discussing the education of the blacks that it "will intensify the negro's disagreeableness and fix his worthlessness beyond doubt and cavil." That is, taken at the surface meaning, the colored race is so different from any other under the sun that to give him the means of self improvement, to lift him out of the ignorance in which slavery kept him, to throw some light in upon his darkness, to make him an intelligent being capable of thinking for himself, will be to render him entirely worthless for all time, and fit only to be hated as anything utterly repulsive can be by those compelled to bear its presence. Going below the surface, the *Mercury's* expression signifies that, given the intelligence which education would bring the negro could no longer be bull-dozed and abused by his former masters, but thinking and acting for himself, would cease to be a slave, not only in name, but in reality. It means that the old Confederate leaders fear that education would impel the negro more strongly than gratitude impels him now to vote with that party which endeavors to secure the freedom and prosperity of every citizen of the United States, and that the task of intimidating him would grow harder than it is now, and finally be impossible.

The *Mercury* gets up a tempest of indignation because Pres. HAYES said in a speech that the General Government had much to do before some of the States could educate themselves. It wilfully misrepresented his words, which were, simply, in a general way an expression of the idea that popular education could never be advanced in the South in its present condition without assistance.

Were not the Confederate political leaders so blinded by sectional hate, and so determined to oppose everything that will interfere with their traitorous designs, they would not be so indignant at the bare mention of what would do more to promote the prosperity of their country than aught else imaginable. Nothing can be worse for any community than the continued presence in its midst of a mass of ignorance. Had this truth been acted upon at the close of the war, and the efforts which have been spent upon keeping up bitterness of feeling and States' Rights been expended in developing the wonderful resources of their fertile lands, improving the situation of the lower classes by establishing public schools and making attendance compulsory if necessary, there would have been no need of the present miserable condition of the South. The very fact that the bare mention of the possibility of the General Government's aiding in accomplishing so desirable a thing as the education of the poor and ignorant throws the *Mercury* and its friends into such convulsions of anger, shows the animus that prompts its expressions.

It is fortunate for the South that another generation is rapidly coming forward not possessing this bitter hatred to the Union, and not animated by such sectional animosity. At present they are dominated by the old leaders, but let the influence of the latter be broken by a Republican victory this Fall and there will henceforward be two parties in the South, neither of which will Ku-Klux the other, and attention will be turned to forwarding the true interests of the Southern people. The prosperous future of that part of the country depends upon a Democratic defeat in November. Let every Republican remember this and add it to what he knows will be the evil results to the North of HANCOCK'S election, and work accordingly.

A SPECIMEN COPPERHEAD

Hon. CLINTON A. WHITE, a friend and colleague of VALLANDIGHAM'S during the War, and an associate with him in the House of Representatives, where he was his lieutenant in leading the Copperhead malignants, is now one of the leading Democratic speakers that are canvassing the State for HANCOCK. He overflows now with love for "the gallant soldiery," whom he adjures to "vote for their glorious old comrade." In thr dark days of 1863, when the soldiers really needed his sympathy and encouragement he said in a speech at Decatur, O.:

"If this Administration is permitted to go on, when the soldiers come home they will *steal, murder, rob*, and rape your mothers, wives and daughters, and you will be powerless."

Two days later, August 13, 1863, just the time when the Army of the Tennessee was slowly recovering from its terrible bruising in the battles before Atlanta, he said:

"This Administration *must* be put down and wiped out. Our Southern brethren *cannot* be whipped.

"You must withdraw your Army from their soil, raise the blockade, restore to them all the territory you have taken from them, pay them all the damage you have done them, and then, and not till then, will you have peace."

THE WAY THE SOLDIERS VOTE

At the reunion of the Army of West Virginia, recently, a vote was taken on the Presidential question, and this was the result:

	Garfield.	Hancock.	Weaver
1st W. Va.	7	....	....
2d do	8	....	1
3d do	13	1	....
4th do	20	1	....
5th do	42	....	2
10th do	125	....	....
11th do	115	....	....
12th do	8	....	....
13th do	11	....	....
14th do	27	4	....
15th do	33	2	1
Total	203	8	5
56th O. V. I.	31	1	....
57th do	ALL but		1
93d do	ALL		
94th do	ALL		
161st do	ALL		

WHAT calculation could any business man make should HANCOCK be elected, for the first year of his Administration? With the Democracy of the West clamoring for inflation and free trade, with all departments of the Government in the hands of the South, hungry for payment of claims and appropriations, and interested only in plundering a Government it hates, with the horde of hungry office seekers, actually in power, what manufacturer, what merchant would make a new venture, or even continue his old ones?

IN 1843 when MRS BLOOMER and Miss ANTHONY attended a general convention of Societies at Syracuse as delegates, and the latter attempted to speak, there arose a fearful uproar lasting several hours, which compelled her to give up the effort. Now she can attract immense audiences who listen attentively to whatever she can say. Verily the world does move.

THE DULCIGNO MATTER.

Every day for some weeks lively developments have been expected from the condition of things in the East, but as yet nothing more than a few moves and counter-moves have been made by Turkey and the Powers, and Dulcigno remains virtually in the possession of Turkey. The little Town which has set all Europe by the ears, is a seaport upon the Adriatic, as dirty and uninteresting as can well be imagined. Miserable as it is, however, it is regarded with covetous eyes by the Montenegrins, to whom, according to the program laid down by the treaty of Berlin, it should have been surrendered by the Turkish Government long ago. The Porte has, however, dallied with this as with every other question discussed and decided by the Powers at that time, and its troops have continued to occupy the Town, while the Albanians stood ready to resist the entrance of the Montenegrins, even though the Porte yielded and the Turkish regulars were withdrawn.

It is now many weeks since the naval demonstration before Dulcigno and in its vicinity began, but until within a day or two nothing seems to have been accomplished. It was ordered that no attack should be made until it became certain that the Sultan and his ministers would not yield to the Berlin dictum. The delay has been so long that the situation has grown farcical. It is one single knight upon a chess board, whose ultimate fate is certain, keeping his enemies combined forces at bay by his twistings and maneuverings. Week before last what was said would be the final respite was granted to the Porte to last until the third of October. The next day the Sultan made the proposition to surrender Dulcigno immediately, to settle the Greek question in two months and the Armenian in three, providing the fleet was withdrawn from its threatening position.

Probably the Sultan had no expectation that this would be acceded to, as it was not, but it was perfectly in a line with Turkish policy to do anything that would cause a delay. Without doubt the prospect of a disagreement among the Powers entered into his calculations. That there is some division among them is well understood. Germany is comparatively indifferent in the matter; Austria and Italy are too jealous of each other to have any great unity of feeling, and France will not join in any use of force, while Russia remains outwardly firm in a concert of action with England. The British Government will not in any way secede from its position.

The latest reports are to the effect that the Sultan and his Ministers have agreed to an unconditional surrender of Dulcigno. If this should prove true, some prospect might be discerned of an eventual peaceable settlement of other parts of the vexed Eastern question. If it is not, the next step will probably be to blockade Turkish ports and seize the custom houses, thus reducing the Sultan to financial extremities, which will compel him finally to yield. Meanwhile the magnificent, fleet stretching out, it is said, some two miles and a half, still lies idle but waiting, and a perpetual menace to Turkey.

NOT FROM A POLITICAL STANDPOINT.

Leaving party politics out of the question, there are the most substantial reasons why Democracy should be defeated this Fall, and those reasons every man, rich or poor, can understand. They are so plain that any one may comprehend them, and they appeal to an instinct which every man possesses.

The issue this year, aside from those purely political, is one of bread and butter, and that is the most important one. The question to be determined by voters this Fall is, "Shall a policy be continued under which capital has been profitably employed, labor fairly and promptly paid, and general prosperity has reigned, or shall that policy be stricken down to give place to one which has been tried time and again, and which every time tried has resulted in nothing but disaster and distress?"

This is all there is of it. The Country is prosperous to-day, prosperous to a degree never known before. The capital employed in business is fairly profitable, and entirely safe, which makes its holders consent to low profits, labor is well paid and in good money. Living, in consequence of cheap goods and cheap money is very low, enabling the workingman to not only live well but to save, and the farmer is getting good prices for his produce, and in money which he knows to be money.

What do the Democracy offer in exchange for this comfortable condition of things?

In the place of the currency we now have they want us to go back to the old State bank and Wild-cat system of 25 years ago, when a dollar meant a dollar at the door of the Bank issuing it, 90 cents a hundred miles away, and 75 cents two hundred miles away, with counterfeits more plentiful than the genuine.

They want to substitude free trade for the present tariff, which protects American labor and makes a man of the worker, which would close half the factories in the country and throw half the workingmen in the country out of employment, and cut down the wages of the other half. They would pauperize American labor, and reduce it to the level of European.

They would treble the national debt by paying claims for losses to the South during the war, the North paying 88 per cent. of the revenue, trebling the burden of taxation we are carrying.

They would substitute mistrust, doubt and uncertainty for confidence, and derange everything in the way of business and values.

Can the people of the North afford this? Can the Democracy of the North afford it?

Every man who desires a continuance of the present condition of things will vote and work for the Republican ticket, Congressional and Presidential.

A RESIDENT of Norfolk, Va., writing to a friend in Indiana, predicts the dissolution of the Democratic party in the South in the event of GARFIELD'S election. He adds:

The events in this State foreshadow the end of Democracy in the South; that party must go to pieces. It is too large, and these dissensions, not only here, but in other Southern States, notably Georgia, show the disposition of the people to take advantage of anything to break from the rule of the old ring-masters who control the party. The offices won't go round, there are not enough to supply the demand, and all the disappointed join the first organized split

NASBY.

The Venerable Democrat Narrates, Very Briefly, How the Fiends, Joe Bigler and Pollock (from Illinois,) Broke up a Democratic Procession.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(which is in the State uv Kentucky,)
Oct. 10, 1880.

It wuz determined for effect upon the Injeany electahun to hev a parade uv the Hancock forces in the Corners, with banners and torches.

We hed a gorgeous percession arranged. It wuz headid by a wagon containin ez many wimmen ez ther wuz States that secedid, with the Confedrit flag a wavin over em. Melindy Pogrsm wuz holdin the Confedrit flag, dressed in mournin, typifyin the present condishn uv the South, while Hanner M'Pelter wuz drest in white, in the act uv lickin a nigger, showin wat we hope will happen when Hancock is finally elected and we get complete control uv the Government.

Follerin' this allegorical representashun come the citizens uv the Corners, two by two, headid by me, barin torches, with the Confedrit flag a wavin' over us in triumph.

The percesshun formed in front uv Bascom's, and it wuz a perty site to see. Capt. M'Pelter wuz on Bascom's mule actin as Marshal, the waron with the wimmen wuz in line, and everything wuz reddy for a start.

Ez it took two hours to get the percesshun organized, the Dimocrisy wuz dry, and permishn wuz askt to break ranks to go in and git one sustainer afore it moved. I refoozed firmly, for of the percesshn hed ever got into Bascom's it wood hev took another hour to git em into line agin, and Bascom settled it by remarkin that no one need go in unless he cood show the money for his drink jist afore he got hold uv the bottle.

I give the word and sadly the percesshn moved up the street, to the inspirin notes uv 'Dixie" and the "Bonnie Bloo Flag," played by a fife and two drums.

We neered Pollock's store, and wuz just on the pint uv givin him three groans, when Joe Bigler appeared. He darted up to Issaker Gavitt, and whispered in his ear that ther wuz a barl uv roo whisky in the store on tap, and that Pollock wood give the Dimocrisy credit for likker for jist 30 minits.

The effect wuz magikle. Issaker dropt his torch jist wher he stood and rushed into the store.

The fiend Bigler hed whispered it loud enuff so that two or three heerd it, and it passed down the line like telegraffin. In less than a second ther wuzn't a soul in the percesshn but me and the wagon, and what cood I do?

I coodent make a percesshn all alone, with one wagon full uv wimmin, and I follered the last one into the store with perhaps more alacrity than dignity.

Ther *wuz* a barl there, and Bascom and Joe Bigler wuz a drorin out the preshus flocid in tin dippers, and dispensin uv it freely.

It is needliss to say that that percesshn never marched agin. It wuss bustid. I coodent possibly git the men into line agin.

And then to add to the fiendishnis uv these two conspirators, Joe Bigler hired a nigger on a mule to go in front uv the hosses wich wuz a drawin the wagon, with a peck uv oats, which the hosses smelt, and the nigger rode off down a by street holdin out the basket, and the horses become uncontrolable and started after them oats. The cussid nigger licked his mule into a gallop, the eager hosses broke into a run, the nigger turned a corner, sudden, the hosses forgettin the preshus load they wuz a drawin, turned the corner sudden, also, over went the wagon, and that end uv the percesshn wuz dumped into a ditch.

Betwixt the free likker and the peck uv oats the finest percesshn ever organized in the Corners come to greef. And wat made it wuss, half the voters we wuz goin to send to Injeany got so full that they coodent be carted over to Secessionville in time to take the train for Looisville, and there is jist that number uv votes lost to the Dimocrisy uv Injeany.

A part uv em got off, however, and we hev probably sent enuff to carry the State.

Ez English don't send any money into Kentucky, Bascom is goin to start a branch grosery at some pint in Southern Injeany, till after the November electshun. He is an enterprisin man, is Bascom, and he ez ef English's money won't come to him he will go to English's money, He is bound to hev his divvy, some way.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(P. M. that wuz and is to be.)

CERTAINLY the most important contribution to the literature of the campaign is the interview with Gen. GRANT, which we publish elsewhere to day. It gives an insight into the character of the Democratic candidate that justifies the previous estimates of him. If there is one feature of Gen. GRANT'S mentality that towers more loftily than another above the plane of talent into that of genius, it is his capacity for estimating men and their motives. It was this that, during the War, enabled him to choose his subordinates with a sagacity that never erred. Another conspicuous quality of the ex President is his fearless conscientiousness in exposing the true character of men, when he deems the country's interests demand it. What he says now about Gen. HANCOCK is said in the same spirit with which he removed ROSENCRANZ and MCCLERNAND, and broke up the gang of mischievous plotters that ruled the Army of the Potomac. The effect of this must be startling. The people of the United States—whether friends or enemies of GRANT—have the most absolute belief in his truthfulness and fairness of mind. They can not help accepting his estimate of Gen. HANCOCK, whether they are influenced by it or not, and that inflated personage shrinks very perceptibly in all men's eyes.

CIRCULATE THE DOCUMENTS

This is just the time to spread the Nasby Pamphlets and BLADE leaflets. There is scarcely anybody who is not able to procure at least a hundred of the Leaflets and circulate them among his neighbors. There can be no better investment of 25 cents than this. The Pamphlets are wonderfully good reading just now.

THE Michigan campaign is so one-sided—all Republican—that there is not much interest taken in the canvass. When a Michigander wants to get roused up he reads the campaign notes from Ohio and Indiana. If this does not operate, he takes a decoction of red pepper and quinine.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Connecticut Town elections, held Wednesday, resulted in Republican gains. Hartford, which gave a majority of 969 for Tilden, elected the entire Republican ticket, with the exception of Township Clerk, by an average majority of 400.——The majority in Arkansas against the repudiating Constitutional amendment is about 4,000.——The General Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church convened in New York on the 6th. With the exception of North Carolina, every diocese was represented.——The coinage of silver during the last fiscal year foot up $28,000,000.——There was one death from yellow fever at New Orleans the 6th.——Prof. Benjamin Pierce, mathematician and Professor of Harvard College, died on the 6th, aged 71 years.——A new trunk line has been established from Philadelphia and New York to the Southwest, with the Shenandoah Valley Railroad as its base. It is claimed the line will be the shortest to New Orleans and Southwestern points.——The revenue of the Dominion of Canada for September, was $2,000,227; for the three months ended Sept. 30, $7,165,586, and for the same period last year, $5,083,083. The expenditure in 1880, was $887,819, and for the three months ended Sept. 30, $1,407,710.——The report of the special agents sent to South Carolina to investigate alleged census frauds has been made public. Superintendent Walker pronounces the returns for 1880 correct, and the returns for 1870 inaccurate.——The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the foundation upon which the Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle is to stand, were performed Saturday. A large number of Masonic lodges participated.——The arrivals of immigrants last week reached the large total for this season of the year of 7,044.——The eighth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition closed the 9th. Financially it realized $5,000 clear profits.——A book for subscriptions to the capital stock of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was opened Saturday, and the whole amount—$1,000,000—immediately subscribed.——A gentleman who has recently spent some months in Italy, and particularly in Rome, says of Garibaldi that it is there felt that he is, to put it mildly, in his dotage, and may easily be persuaded to enterprises prejudicial to the interests of the Kingdom.——The Prussian Parliament will meet November 28, to consider Prince Bismarck's scheme.——The French Cabinet has resolved to enforce the decree against religious confraternities.——The Chilians have bombarded Chorilles and Ancon.——A few years ago a collision occurred near Norfolk, Va., between the tugboat "Lumberman" and the steamship "Isaac Bell," resulting in the loss of 10 lives. The pilot of the "Lumberman" was examined by a surgeon recently, and was found to be color blind.——The Hon. Hugh McCulloch is on a visit to Richmond, Va., to perform the duties of a Director of the Richmond and Alleghany Railway.——The Downing street circular published in Saturday's Official *Gazette* announces that, by order of Council, from and after the 1st of September

Correspondence.

BOSTON LETTER.

A Norse Summer—Plush Dresses—Buttons and Trimming—Torch-light Procession Suits.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

BOSTON, Oct. 9, 1880.

The primitive wildness of the New England coast returns to it this autumn, as when the Northmen found it a second Italy, a land of sunshine, roses and grapes. Not two days overcast in the last month, is a record for any climate to chronicle. Such an autumn with warm days and a perpetual background of lovely blue for the scarlet and yellow shading of the hills, efaces the memory of the sulking Summer. Let us make our good days long, by making the most of every bright hour from dawn to moonrise. I wish everyone could live and work in a room with broad windows to the South and West, letting in a breath of sunshine and filling the walls with pictures of painted woodland and green autumn grass. Sunshine so takes the ache out of life, and volatizes the finer essences of the spirits, till they float, light and refined as the aromatic balsam of pines at noon.

WHAT IS TO BE WORN.

Superb plush dresses are shown for Winter, in mulberry and dahlia shades, maroons and mazarine, very simply draped with relief of satin fan pleats in the same color. No binding, cording or stitching is seen on the edges of the plush and cloth suits this year. The stuff is merely turned under and caught with the lining, which is of rich colors. This admirable fashion adds the right quantity of color to gray dresses and brings the flash of Autumnal coloring within the limits of strictest taste. One can but approve the effect of a dark gray cloth dress, the long coat skirts, sleeves and collar faced with deep red Surah, the soft Indian silk used for dresses and trimmings. Black dresses have the Balayeuse or edge pleatings of red, dull gold and blue satin, one above another, with similar trimming at neck and wrists, or the red pleating alone is used, with black below it. The pleated satin or India silk comes at 25 cents a yard, ready to put on, and as the skirts are not ever two and a half yards wide in heavy material, the expense of this bright addition is trifling.

SHADED SATIN TRIMMINGS.

For velvet house dresses a trimming is used which will be followed in the glossy stuffs of less price. The edge of the train and basque is finished with half-inch bias folds of satin in three shades, which accord with the leading color of the dress. A maroon velvet dinner dress with square train has folds in geranium, deep crimson and dark red lighting it handsomely. On a bronze velvet the shades are golden green, olive and bottle green, in double overlapping folds.

VARIETIES.

Buttons in three sizes are worn, with the heavy suits, the largest for the jacket, the smaller for the pockets and cuffs, and the smallest still for the vest or dress waist. Select styles show smooth, thick, flat buttons of buffalo horn, some plain, others inlaid with dice of pearl. Large bullet shaped buttons are of horn or pearl. Ivory buttons are carved and stained to look like discs cut out of fine bark with rough, rustic surface, and the white showing at the sides. The painted pearl, with flower or grotesque designs, closely imitate the Florentine mosaic, buttons which are, perhaps, the most costly worn. Fine buttons for plush dresses are of dark pearl with small amethysts, garnets or paste brilliants in the center.

Heavy braids are shown for the twilled flannel suits, in double crochet or plain knitting of dark red and blue, green and purple, or red and black, which imitate lines of very coarse braid in alternate colors. These take the place of the white and black Hercules braids.

TORCHLIGHT UNIFORMS.

The mothers of half grown boys throughout the country are liable to be called upon for parade suits for the torchlight processions which propitiate the political deities the coming month. The suits which show best by night are blouses of thick unbleached cotton, loose enough to be slipped over the common coat, which is retained for warmth. The cap is a round one of unbleached cotton or white flannel. The band is stiff paper or pasteboard, lined with glazed cambric; a round crown without stiffening, lightly wadded and lined with cambric, is basted flat over the band, which is covered with white and a half facing of red or dark blue flannel; a half-inch strap of dark blue cambric, crossing the crown and held by two small gilt buttons at the side, imitates the chin strap of the military cap. White cotton or duck covers for fatigue caps answer every purpose. The blouses are trimmed with red or blue braid or facings, if liked, but a white belt is indispensable, and dust shoes of canvas save much defacing of boots, in miles of marching in the middle of the streets. Thus equipped, the young American is ready to march for his Country, and willing to march every night in the week, too often regardless which side his banners are for. All the boys in the neighborhood where I write have caught the uniform fever, and mothers have been anxiously supervised as to the width of band, red flannel facings and the precise tightness of the strap across the top. The gentle invalid lady, whose own children are away from her, had taken it on herself to make a cap for the clever little Doyle, who has a careless step mother, and had put together a cap for himself in a marvalously patient way. Then she was besought for the little Henscomb, whose mother was dead and whose father's housekeeper was too busy to get up one at home. Finally the dear, Madonna faced lady was petitioned to know what she would charge to furnish caps for all the boys in town, who wanted to join the procession, which led to explanations. Any woman who finds herself without an object in life, is advised to gain the confidence of a juvenile torchlight brigade just the month before election.

A NEWBURYPORT WEDDING.

But I must break off other matters to speak of the most charming wedding which came off this week, when the daughter of Maj Ben. Perley Poore was married from the family seat at Indian Hill, near Newburyport. The place has been in the family since Maj. Poore's ancestors bought it from the Indians, and I believe was a famous gathering place for the sachems before. It has been the pride of Maj Poore, who is widely known as a Washington correspondent and politician, to keep the antique air of the homestead, which is a perfect museum of Colonial times. The house stands on the original site chosen by his great, great grandfather, a low, picturesque, rambling structure, surrounded by velvet lawns, old trees hung with woodbine, keeping the drive, and an old pillared summer-house of two, in the back ground, relics themselves from door to pinnacle of Colonial mansions now destroyed. You can touch the ceiling of the quaint inner drawing room with your hand, but it is a delicate old room with cushions of rich faded embroidery, Persian rugs and window seats for lounging, which look upon their own small courts filled with sweet flowers. The entrance hall is quaint and wide, with a gallery around it, hung with old paintings, and is a man's paradise of trophies of armor, tapestries and fur rugs for lounging. I can only hint at the octagon library, with its fire proof cases filled with folios which contain one of the finest autograph collections in the country—not mere scattered specimens, but historic galleries—of the Kings of France and their Marshals and favorites in order; of English Generals, statesmen and sovereigns after their centuries, and probably letters from every celebrity in the history of one country. The house is a treasure of cupboards full of old China, for Major Poore was a collector long before the China craze was known here, and wardrobes of old court dresses, which his daughter used to wear at masquerades. One wing of the house has the simple furnishing of Puritan times, from the porridge-pot hung on the crane in the wide fire place to the loom and spinning wheel, and the rude shoe-bench and tools which many households owned. The beds overhead in the low attics are hung with blue and white linen check, or the India calicoes with large figures, and are companied with huge dimity chairs and the scrimped washstands and ewers of old days. It was a goodly company that gathered around the genial Maj. Poore to see him give away his daughter in her old lace, satin and pearls. Some of the brightest and the best of Massachusetts society filled the old flower hung rooms, and trooped under the gay flags and red vines of the sunshiny lawn on the wedding day. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, our most brilliant writer, whose personal presence is as delightful as her work, came from Newburyport. Miss Preston, whose refined poems and translations from French poets have given her such delicate celebrity; Mrs. Howard, the Boston correspondent, who is a connection of the family, from her pretty home at Georgetown; James Parton, Sen. Anthony and Gen. Barnside, and Hon. Mr. Houghton, with scores of prominent names known in the best New England society came to enjoy the feast, which was sure to be merry at Indian Hill. The bride wore sweeping satin, glistening with pearl fringes and embroidery heading, deep old English lace, and her veil was pinned by a clasp of old blue pearls and brilliants, which is an heirloom ornament. The five bridesmaids wore white India muslin trimmed with fine lace, and each carried a boquet of roses in her own chosen color, one of velvety crimson, one pure inphotos white, one of Marshal Neil, one of pink tea roses, and one of old fashioned English garden roses, full of odor. And what a rain of dainty slippers, flowers and favors followed the carriage of the bridal pair to the gates of the lawn. I wonder if any one flung the white satin shoe of the famous Cenrito, the dancer, which used to be one of the treasures of the old writing desk in the up-stairs study, a shapely slipper in which some devoted young gallants once drank the dancer's health in champagne.

SHIRLEY DARE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Autumn Trade—Politics—Mr. Archibald Forbes—The Coming of Bernhardt—The Obelisk.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.

The cold rains of the last few days have driven almost the last of the Summer wanderers home again, and Broadway and the business streets flow bank full once more. Down Town in the wholesale districts, the sidewalks are piled high all day long with boxes and bales awaiting shipment. West street below Canal is blocked with loaded trucks and wagons nearly every hour in the day. In the vicinity of the various freight depots the jam is terrific, and the police are often needed to break the deadlock of loaded teams.

But this is a sign of the great increase of business with which the fall season has opened. The big wholesale houses report a greater rush of orders than for years at this season, while the crowded appearances of the retail shops speaks for itself.

Of course the one uppermost topic in the city at present is

POLITICS.

The big Hancock banner stretched across Fourteenth street from Tammany Hall is kept extended. For days while Tammany and the Irving Hall Democracy were at loggerheads and it was doubtful if any basis of "harmony" could be found, the gorgeous banner was reefed close to the side of the building. It was a silent street that; the Tammany chief was ready to repeat the tactics of last year, in which case the hunting would not have been unfurled. One is daily told by the organs of both branches that Irving Hall and Tammany are fully united and in harmony with each other, but at the meeting of the two Conference Committees this week to decide upon candidates for Mayor and other City offices, it was decided to postpone all action till after the Indiana election. Tammany claims more in the way of nominations than the regular Democracy is willing to concede, and there may possibly be a split in the City ticket. Last Tuesday was the first days of registration in the city, and over 72,000 names were recorded, a gain of 16,000 over the first registry day of 1876. This shows that the vote this year will be very heavy, a hopeful sign for the Republicans.

Great preparations are being made for the parade and reception to Gen. Grant by the Boys in Blue, next Monday evening. Visiting companies will turn out in force, many of them coming over 200 miles. Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall has charge of the procession and expects to have 40,000 uniformed men in line. Gen. Grant will review the procession in Madison Square. It will be one of the most imposing events of the kind seen for years.

As the campaign grows warmer so does the blood of the average Democrat in the lower wards, especially if he is a holder of one of the thousands of fraudulent naturalization papers, with which the city was flooded in '68, and which have gone so much to enable Democratic candidates to "cross Harlem River" with 70,000 majority. Notice was given that no one would be allowed to register on illegal 1868 papers and the Supervisors of Election were directed to retain them whenever presented. Many were seized during the first day's registry, and the leader of Tammany Hall has advised its henchmen to forcibly resist any attempt of the Election Inspectors to keep possession of the bogus certificates. Speaking of the trouble of keeping the rank and file of his party in decent bounds, a Democratic politician said it was "unfortunate for the party that no one ever had to be arrested for stoning a Democratic procession or trying to break up a Democratic meeting."

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous

WAR CORRESPONDENT

of the London *Daily News*, arrived this week and is stopping at an up-town hotel. Of medium height and build, every movement shows a close observer of men and things. Quick, piercing gray eyes that look a person all over in an instant, a resolute looking face, and hair showing a tinge of gray, are some of the characteristics of the famous newspaper man. Mr. Forbs first came to public notice as correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Franco-Prussia war, and afterward by his enterprise, in connection with the New York *Herald* correspondent, in newsgathering in the late war, between Turkey and Russia. His exploit in riding 100 miles during the Zulu campaign to telegraph news of a British victory is known to all. Altogether he had experiences of which but few men can boast, and now that he has met the fate of too many of those who attain sudden celebrity—the lecture platform—he will find many anxious to see the "newspaper hero of Ulundi."

The coming of

SARAH BERNHARDT

is awaited with great impatience by those interested in theatrical matters. The "Divine Sarah" is to open her season of six weeks at Booth's theatre on the 8th of November. Not for years has there been such a craze manifested to see an actress. The sale of season tickets for a part of the house began the first of the week at Booth's. The box office opened at 8 o'clock in the morning, but such was the anxiety to secure seats for the season at the low figure of $60 each, that before 10 o'clock the night before there were nearly 100 men already waiting. They formed a line from the box office through the vestibule and out on the sidewalk along the side of the building. There they shivered and dozed and growled and whistled through the long night, none of them dropping out till morning came and they had their seats. A paltry $60 will not by any means represent the value of one of the bits of pasteboard obtained by standing on one's feet all night. The single seats were sold afterwards, the lowest price being $3 for a perch in the family circle—about six times the usual figure. The privilege of furnishing the librettos to be used has been secured by Weber, of piano fame, for $10,000. This is not so extravagant when it is remembered what profit has been made in this way during the reign of former stage celebrities. Ristori's manager made as much from librettos as from the play. But it is expected that the present star will far out do in "drawing" power any one who has been seen here for years. Of course there will be a deluge of "Bernhardt styles" in slippers and fans as well as in morality.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

The Egyptian obelisk of which so much has been said lately, after knocking about the harbor for a month or so, has been safely landed at the foot of West Ninety-Sixth street. The corner stone of the foundation will be laid next Saturday in Central Park. The event will be observed with a parade and Masonic ceremonies. It will be several weeks, however, before the monolith is up-ended in the place it is to occupy, not far from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

KELP.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Preliminary Elections—The Close Contest in Indiana—The Grant Sensation—Blackburn on Garfield—Connecticut Election—The Coming of Congress.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8, 1880.

The preliminary elections, which take place about the time that this reaches the BLADE, are now the chief object of attention in all political circles, and the whole country is holding its breath in its intense anxiety about the result. What makes the case so critical is that these elections are expected to foreshadow the coming popular wave. There are elections on Tuesday in four States: Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and West Virginia. Ohio and Iowa were Republican in 1876, and have remained Republican. They are expected to vote the same way in November. But West Virginia and Indiana went for Tilden—the former by 2 377 and the latter by 5,515. The Republicans of West Virginia are now making a brave fight for the redemption of their State, but as it is in the Solid South and has been strongly pledged for the Democratic ticket, the probabilities have been regarded as favoring that side.

Indiana, at the beginning of the campaign, was always counted for the Democrats and the question was as to what other Northern States could be secured as the tail of the "solid South." But, as the campaign has advanced the Democrats have become alarmed in regard to their own State and are using all sorts of means—legitimate and illegitimate—to maintain their hold. On the other hand, the Republicans have not seriously calculated on recovering the State, and it has not entered into their estimates. But as the battle has advanced important changes have taken place, and, notwithstanding the large odds against them, it has become obvious that the current is setting in their favor. This has produced a great alarm among the Hancock leaders, who see that the loss of Indiana will make their case almost hopeless. Hence, the most extraordinary means have been resorted to with the hope of saving the State; and money has been more lavishly expended than in any other political contest in this country. The Democrats understand, that, while the loss of the State by the Republicans will not mar their prospects, inasmuch as it was a Democratic State before, its loss by the Democrats will paralyze their efforts and foreshadow the ruin of their cause. The result is, therefore, of fearful importance to them, and the contest will be one of the most bitter, unscrupulous and demoralizing that the country has ever seen.

Mr. Barnum, the manager of the Democratic side, is without honesty or honor, and everybody is, therefore, ready to believe the reports about a great corruption fund, which is to play a prominent part in the election. Dispatches from New York and from Indiana, received to-day from Democratic sources, express the most unbounded confidence that the State will go for the Democratic ticket, but at the same time they made loud calls for more money. Notice is also given that gangs of roughs and repeaters have left New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore for the battle ground, and that much fraudulent voting may be expected. A dispatch from Indiana, published in the *Star* (not politics) says that notice has been telegraphed to Indiana of these importations and that all strangers there are carefully shadowed by detectives and the greatest possible vigilance will be maintained and every effort made to protect the purity of the polls. But it is very clear that, if there is not a strong popular tide setting in favor of the Republicans, the will of the people will be overruled by these corrupt factions of the Democracy.

Gen. Grant's revelations in regard to Hancock made a great sensation here, and clerks have been at work among the files of the War Department to find materials for corroborating or authorizing his statements. A dispatch from New York says that Gen. Hancock is very angry, and had been fully determined to issue a pronunciamento in reply, but was overruled by his advisers, who do not seem to be very much impressed with his recent epistolary efforts. Gen. Grant's interpretation of order No. 40 takes the *starch* out of that much vaunted paper. The commonplace truism about the subjection of the military power to the civil power gets the wind let out of it when Gen. Grant says: "He did not subject the military power to the civil power, but he used his military power to overthrow the civil power."

Perhaps no Southern man has been more persecuted by the Republican press than the Kentuckian (Blackburn), who promised, during the extra session, that his party would not pause in the work of reform till all the war measures of Congress were wiped from the statute books. But no man can be utterly and hopelessly bad who preserves a sense of justice, and this Mr. Blackburn seems to have done. In a speech delivered at Sandusky, in your State, he thus notices Mr. Garfield:

"I know him well. For six years past I have served upon the floor of the same House of Congress with him. We are members of the same Committee. Our relations are close and pleasant and friendly. I believe—and I say it here as I say it everywhere—I believe that he has no superior in point of intellect, culture or power within the limits of his party. I believe he has as broad a brain, and an intellect as big, as any man you can find within the limits of that party whose candidate he is."

This was not intended to get votes for Gen. Garfield, but it contrasts well with the general run of Democratic scurrility.

The Connecticut Town elections are regarded by Republicans here as a very strong indication of the drift of public sentiment around New York, and as an example of what may be expected in that great State on the 2d of November. On the other hand the Democrats make nothing of the Republican gains in the Nutmeg State, but are very jubilant over the astonishing registry made on the first day of registration in New York. The increase over any former year is very great, and a very large vote is always favorable to the Democrats. But if the activity is great in the City it will also be great in those portions of the State which are expected to counterbalance the City; and the drift in Connecticut seems to show that we may expect something like it both in New Jersy and New York. The great battle centers more and more in and around New York and will probably be decided, as Mr. Everts said a year ago, by the people who live within a short distance of the commercial metropolis. Sen. Kellogg, who is here fresh from campaigning in New York, is strongly of the opinion that the State will choose the Republican electors and that Connecticut and New Jersy will follow suit.

Washington does not appear to be preparing for a change of administration; but is evidently bent on having a gay Winter and a brilliant social season. Pres. Hayes remains away from the capital rather longer than has been usual with our Presidents and some other high officers of State are following his example. But the time is at hand when Washington will be the actual, as it is always the nominal, center of the Nation. We are less than two months from the meeting of Congress, and as soon as the pressure of the political campaign is over, all will be life and activity here. The reports of the year are to be prepared, the wants of the departments are to be ascertained, and everything got in readiness for a short and busy session of Congress. Already the sounds of preparation are heard, the capitol and public grounds are being put in order, the merchants and shopmen are laying in their stores, and the boarding houses are preparing their rooms for the expected occupants. The coming of Congress sets everything in motion, and if Garfield is elected the season will be one of unusual gaiety.

BUCKEYE.

DAKOTA TERRITORY.

A Glorious Country—Mines of Wealth in Gold and Silver.

To the Editor of the Blade.

I noticed in a recent issue of THE BLADE an item signed by "Western Ranger." If he has reference to Missouri he is undoubtedly right, for I do think a person could do better to locate almost any other place in the West. As I lived in Northwest Missouri some years I speak from personal knowledge.

I should like to say a few words through your paper to its many readers; perhaps it will be the means of benefitting someone. I emigrated to this country a year ago last June; found the climate agreeable, pleasant and healthy in every respect. There is plenty of work for common laborers at $25 to $35 per month; mechanics from $3 to $6 per day. I will speak of the soil as being the finest in the world, composed of a sandy loam resting on a strong clay; underneath are beds of gypsum, which furnishes moisture in the absence of rain, though we do not have to irrigate. We raise the finest quality of wheat and oats, and all kinds of vegetables, for which we find sale at reasonable prices within 20 miles drive. Raising sheep and cattle is very profitable business. Both sheep and cattle are being driven in Winter and Spring right from the herd to the slaughter house in good condition.

The mining interest in the hills is fast reaching a high pitch; the predictions are the hills have a great future; that untold wealth of silver and gold is unquestionably held in the strong embraces of its mountains, and is fast being changed into bullion by the pick and drill and the powerful machinery that crush hundreds of tons of ore daily.

There is plenty of Government land to be taken yet, and good locations to be made. The country is fast filling up, but there is room for many more.

If this should find its way to the readers of THE BLADE, any one wanting further information concerning this country, by addressing me, will be gladly enlightened.

H. J. ALDRICH,
Crook City, Lasrance Co., D. T.

LOUISIANA LETTER.

A State Without Enterprise and Without Public Schools.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We have rich land and a health country, but are behind the times in almost every respect. Louisiana has as good as no public schools, and the old aristocrats take but little interest in educating the masses, preferring to keep not only the old colored population in ignorance, but as much as possible prevent the poor white people from gaining an education or any kind of advancement except as dictated by the old Bourbons. They are selfish in every respect, holding themselves aloof from all associations with the poor class. They spe the English Lords as near as possible. This is the reason our State progresses so slow. The bone and sinew of the North will not come among us, when they are proscribed both politically and socially. I tell you the earlier our old Bourbons learn that all men are "born free and equal," the better it will be for Louisiana. True, we have prospects of a railroad boom just now, and how happens it that we are to have a few railroads? Simply this: Some Northern capitalists have looked over this State, and seeing the wants and richness of the country, have decided to go to work and build the various lines of railroads projected. When these railroads are complete, then, and not till then, is it good for emigrants to come to this State. It is not all gold that glitters in the New Orleans papers.

The staunchest Democratic paper of New Orleans, the *Picayune*, avers that the Democratic party of this State is controlled by a ring, with Gov. Wiltz as leader, as rotten as ever the Tweed Tammany ring of New York was. Other Democratic journals in the State are commenting in severe terms on the ring that runs the machine of the State. Some of these sheets declare that the Democracy of Louisiana have out bagged the carpet-baggers. It is rather jolly to look on all this fuss in the Democratic ranks, and see and hear them blowing hot and cold at the same breath.

Holmesville, La. J. W.

PENNSYLVANIA LETTER.

An Old Soldier Tells Why He Cannot Support Hancock.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I would like to ask, through the BLADE of all soldiers who are said to be so partial to Gen. Hancock, how he achieved such high honors in 15 years of peace. I was a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, and a prisoner at the time of the Gettysburg battle; but, if my memory serves me right, Gen. Meade commanded the army at that time, and to him and the God of the Universe was given the victory on that memorable day. We also had Hooker, Burnside and Warren and many other noted Generals there, who, I think, would be worthy at least to touch the hem of Hancock's garment. But Meade has gone to that land from whence no traveler returns, and he forgot to leave a few lines with the Democracy to defend his cause. But I say for him he has done things well, and may he rest in peace. Thank God, he will never be asked to accept the nomination for President on a platform which, if carried into effect, would destroy one of the most important points we fought to sustain.

The aristocracy of the Nation asks the repeal of the tariff, labor and free ships. They will accept Hancock if he will do the work. He assent by silence. And then he is the "hero." Indeed! the blood of our comrades has been shed in vain, and the Boys in Blue must come down to old rates, $8.00 per month and no dinner.

I respect Hancock but I do not love the party that was opposed to soldiers voting while in the field. I hate the party that declared the war a failure, and I ask who can support the party that howls "free trade and free ships."

SOLDIER.

Phillipsburg, Pa.

MARYLAND LETTER.

A Democratic Pole Raising by Republicans.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The Democrats here had been talking for weeks about the grand Hancock and English pole to be raised in front of their headquarters, and how it was going to eclipse everything the Republicans had done heretofore in that line. Two very tall poles were secured and 9 o'clock A. M. was the hour appointed for the outpouring of Democratic enthusiasm, which was conspicuous for its total absence. So few were the workers, (ten all told), and so heavy the poles, that twelve good, stanch Republicans were obliged to lend their strength to place the poles in position, and as they were raised to their places, three rousing cheers were given for Garfield and Arthur, which were heard several squares distant. The Democrats were so completely surprised that they forgot to cheer for their own candidate, and are as mad a set as can well be found. The rooster was afterward placed on top the pole, but he wears a crestfallen and dejected appearance.

REPUBLICAN.

Westminster, Md.

Spelling Reform.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Mr. Nasby—I rise to second the motion ov Profr J. Rogers, in the BLADE ov Sepr 9th—heded *A New Departure*. But the view I take ov it iz sumhwot different—I shal state it thusli:

In everi 8 linez ov ordinari printed matr, acording to the speling devised from our defectiv alfabet—ar enuf dum and dubl letrz to fil one ov such linez.

In each column ov the BLADE ther ar 27 such linez. So in each page a proportionate amount.

By adopting a fonetic alfabet you would have more space for advertizments—or if not to be so uzd—a smaller sheet would answer.

Ther ar 17 new letrz required to fonetisize the alfabet for the English langwej. The saving in paper, type and would more than remunerate for the cost of the new type.

Your reader'z eyes would soon get acustumd to the new formz ov words, and with your larj circulation the saving would be a larj item in your pocket.

One-half ov our inhabitants cannot read—and I don't know ov enithing betr adapted to perswade them to lern than that the newspaper press adopt fonotypes.

The newspaper press pays an enormus tax for the use of the English ov Georj the Third. Besides, it is absoluteli hurtful, az one-half ov our inhabitants attest it—who cannot read az ghbeli az they talk. But go on and prosper everiway.

A SPELLING REFORMER.

Winthrop, Buchanan Co., Mo., Sept. 17, 1880.

Republican Hope in Tennessee.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I will say that if things are properly carried on in Tennessee, James A. Garfield will receive the electoral vote of this State. We are certain of a Republican Governor, and at least three Congressmen, from the First, Second and Tenth Districts, and possibly the Fourth and Ninth will go Republican. There are two Democrats, one Greenbacker and one Republican in the field for Governor, and with a "fair count" we are certain of success.

W. W. CORDELL.

Hennewood Station, Sept. 28.

Rebel Intolerance.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

A little note worthy the notice of the loyal press, took place some 40 miles south of here last week. Two men were shot for hurrahing for Garfield, and it will be ever thus so long as the Democratic party has a name. The war is not over. The Rebels here say they would fight the same war over under the same flag. I used to be a conservative man, but it will not do here, and if more of the Northern Republicans would live no farther south than I do, they would be better advocates of the cause.

Yours, W. S.

Auburn, W. Va., Sept. 12.

Baltimore's Blowout.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 9.—The approaching celebration of the founding of Baltimore a century and a half ago will be an elaborate affair. Processions are arranged for every day in the week, supplemented by banquets and illuminations.

THE NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Campaign clubs cannot be said to have done their work well, unless they have spread broadcast, the Nasby Pamphlets. "Nasby as a Banker," is the best refutation of the Green-back heresies ever written, and the "Democratic John Bunyan," is probably the most effective prophecy that has yet been put in print.

These pamphlets will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents each, with liberal discounts for quantities.

It is impossible to circulate too many of them. Write and get full particulars.

FAMILY BIBLES.

The most elegant copy of a Family Bible that it is possible to obtain in the United States, is published by The Locke Publishing Company of Toledo, O. Any family who wishes to purchase a copy for their own use, or any agent who wishes to engage in selling them, will do well to send 15 cents for specimen pages and full description of the same.

THE NASBY PAMPHLETS.

"Nasby as a Banker," "The Democratic John Bunyan" and "The Decline and Fall of the American Republic," are excellent reading just now. Price 10 cents each, or the three for 25 cents. For rates in larger quantities see fifth page. They should be in every neighborhood.

SPECIMEN CAMPAIGN LEAFLETS.

We do not now undertake to furnish specimen Campaign Leaflets to every applicant, but on receipt of 25 cents we will send one hundred of them post-paid by mail.

IS THE COUNTRY ALL RIGHT?—Orange Judd Co. say "Yes," giving good reasons for it. Their excellent Journal will surely profit every Man, Woman and Child. See advertisement.

A Fortunate Neighborhood.

The vicinity of No. 85 Avenue B, in the City of New York, must be regarded as a peculiarly fortunate one. A month or two ago Mr. Max Stern, residing there, drew $1,000 in the Grand Monthly Distribution of the Louisiana State Lottery, and in the September drawing Mr. L. S. Fleishman, residing within five doors, and well known as an energetic dealer in fancy goods, millinery, etc., was attacked with similar symptoms, and holding a half of ticket No. 90,887, for which he had sent by mail to M. A. Dauphin, either at No. 819 Broadway, New York City, or else to the same person at New Orleans, La., pocketed the handsome sum of $1,250. The frequency of such incidents must make any judicious person wonder why he should not be the next favorite of fortune.

An Excellent Investment.

The Cleveland Grain, Provision and Stock Exchange is offering to Speculators and Investors guaranteed stock in one of the largest and best enterprises in Ohio. Address W. G. Conkling, Manager, Cleveland, O.

Great Horse Medicine.

No horse need die of colic if Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A single dose revives an overheated horse and puts new life into him. It quickly cures galls, sprains or sores, scratches, sore throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent.

They cure distemper, loss of appetite, worms, bots, cough, hide bound, give a fine coat and cleanse the urine; 25 cents per box. The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle; the Horse, 50 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlery Depot, No. 42 Murray street.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen to be seen at the depot.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

The "Locke Publishing Co.," of Toledo, Ohio, offer pleasant and profitable employment to all who desire a business that will be sure to yield a fair profit, with a very small investment. The Company publish the following books:

"Andersonville," a history of Southern prisons.

"Nasby," a complete collection of the Nasby letters, from the beginning of the war to the ratification of the 15th amendment.

Bible Biography," a biography of all the principal characters mentioned in the Scriptures.

And in addition the best and most beautifully illustrated Family Bible published.

These books are having an immense sale. We have sold already of "Andersonville," over 60,000 copies, and the demand is unabated. Of "Nasby" 40,000 has been sold, and "Bible Biography" is even more popular.

These books have each a positive value, and even inexperienced agents have no difficulty in securing orders for them.

All desiring a pleasant and profitable business, which will not take them from their homes, will send a postal to "The Locke Publishing Co.," Toledo, Ohio, and full particulars will be sent immediately.

THE BLADE LEAFLETS.

We have printed for campaign clubs and earnest workers in the Republican cause, three four page leaflets, which are being circulated by the million. They cost next to nothing, and are exactly what should be put into the hands of every voter before the October and November elections. They are as follows:

"Twenty-one reasons why you should vote for Garfield and Arthur."

"Is a Change Advisable."

"What Farmer Brown thought about it."

The Republican National Committee ordered one million of these leaflets, and they are doing a good work. Every Republican club in the North should distribute them, and it cannot be done too soon. They embrace in a close, succinct way all the arguments we have to present and are written in such a style as to be read, and to set people to thinking when they are read. The prices are:

Single hundred	$ 25
1,000	1 50
5,000	6 25
10,000	10 00

There is no active Republican in the country who cannot use a hundred or more of these leaflets to advantage, while clubs should circulate them by the ten thousand.

We are receiving hundreds of orders every day for them, but we are prepared so that there will be no delay. Rush in your orders at once. Quantities above 100 sent by express.

CAMPAIGN PAMPHLETS.

We have stereotyped and are issuing three pamphlets for campaign purposes, which ought to be circulated by every Garfield Club in the United States. They are as follows:—

Nasby as a Banker:—Being the History of the Rise and Fall of the Unlimited Trust and Confidence Co., of the Confedrit X Roads.

The Democratic John Bunyan:—Elever Dreams Showing What is Likely to Happen in the Event of the Election of Hancock.

The Decline and Fall of the American Republic.

The first two are by Mr. Nasby, and the last by John M'Elroy, the author of "Andersonville."

There are no more effective campaign documents issued, and they deserve the extensive circulation they are enjoying. They are being ordered by the thousand everywhere.

We send these pamphlets at the following prices:

Single copies	$ 10
All three	25
By the hundred	6 00
By the thousand	50 00

Every campaign club should have a few of them at least. There are no more effective arguments in print. Send in orders at once.

CAMPAIGN LEAFLETS

Published by the BLADE have been found to be the most effective agencies for the conversion of Democrats yet issued. Over a million and a half of them have been printed, and the demand is simply enormous. This is just the time to shower them everywhere. See the rates elsewhere. Almost every Republican can invest 25 cents in a hundred of them for his immediate neighborhood. Order at once. There are three of them: "21 Reasons Why I Shall Vote for Garfield and Arthur," "Is a Change Advisable," and "What Farmer Brown Thought About It." See rates on fifth page and send in your orders.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

We want to send out before he is elected 50,000 copies more of our magnificent portrait of Gen. GARFIELD, universally acknowledged to be the finest campaign portrait extant. Every person who sends us 50 cents for a GARFIELD portrait, (well worth $1,) is entitled to receive a copy of the Weekly BLADE three months free. That is, the two are sent together, but never separate. Address the BLADE, Toledo O.

TO BLADE AGENTS.

In a few weeks we shall discontinue our three months' offer of the WEEKLY BLADE, and at the same time will withdraw our Garfield portrait. We trust our agents will do all they can to circulate the BLADE and portrait among new people during the month of October, as after a certain date in November, we shall only offer the BLADE for a yearly term.

TUTT'S PILLS!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

A Noted Divine says:

DR. TUTT—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. I am having very much recommended. I used them. I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and have gained forty pounds flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

Rev. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums

RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Remain in position without aid, and are not observable. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular.

Address CARMORE & CO.,
S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Dr. Harter's FEVER & AGUE SPECIFIC

STANDS TO-DAY WITHOUT A RIVAL IN THE WORLD. For the cure of all kinds of Ague and Chills it has no equal; having stood the test of universal use for thirty years in the most malarial districts. It never fails to cure, but merely removing for a time the symptoms, but eradicating the cause of the disease, thereby making a permanent cure. PRICE ONLY 75 CENTS.

Manufactured by The Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 212 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

Rev. F. HACKENMEIER, Supt. German Protestant Orphans' Home, St. Charles Rock Road, St. Louis Co., writing April 30th, 1877, says: "*Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific* is a positive cure for Chills and Fever; has never failed with us."

MR. JNO. C. WEBBER of Keyport, Ill., says: "I cured a little girl of Ague of three years standing, with *Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific*, after the best physicians failed to benefit her."

DR. YOUNGBLOOP of Little York, Mo., says: "I have used *Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific* in my practice, and can heartily recommend it to the public."

MUSIC.

The Best Music Books.

3 WELCOME CHORUS, (35.00). By W. S. Tilden, for High Schools. Just out. SONG BELLS, (50c). By L. O. Emerson, for Common Schools. WHITE ROBES, (30c), for Sunday schools.

Parlor Organ Instruction Book.

($2.50). By A. N. Johnson, is out of sight ahead of any others in teaching beginners on Reed Organ, both secular and sacred music. Sunday School, Temperance, Gospel and Hymn music. All teachers take to it at once.

3 Choirs and Singing Classes will not forget our three superior books: Voice of Worship, ($1), by L. O. Emerson; Temple, ($1), by W. O. Perkins, and Method for Singing Classes, (60c), by A. N. Johnson.

3 CHOIRS will find no better Anthem Book than our new: AMERICAN ANTHEM BOOK, ($1.50), by Johnson, Tenney and Abbey, or EMERSON'S ANTHEM BOOK, ($1.50), by L. O. Emerson, or ANTHEM HARP, ($1.25), by W. O. Perkins.

3 TEMPERANCE PEOPLE will be sure to use TEMPERANCE JEWELS, (35c.), by Tenney & Hoffman; or TEMPERANCE LIG

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publishing, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

No Cast Iron Rule.

In speaking so earnestly in regard to system in household arrangements, we do not for one moment wish to be understood as advocating any cast iron rule that would render every member of the family miserable. Better that confusion worse confounded should reign supreme than that what ought to be a happy home be turned into a prison by rigid discipline and martinet regularity. That exactness which requires every chair to be set on line or at a given angle from which it must not be swerved a hairsbreadth, which will render a housewife miserable if a book is thrown out of place or a newspaper is folded awry upon the table, is more than exasperating; it is maddening and might be sufficient cause for the establishment of wholesale suicide in a nervous family. We remember too well once visiting in what looked, upon entering, to be the very beau ideal of a home, and being made completely wretched by the prim and grim clock work regularity of its mistress. She was distressed if one chanced to be a moment late to the table, and utterly heart broken if absent entirely from any meal without informing her of the intention beforehand. To take a book from the library and not restore it to the legitimate place at the end of each sitting was to commit the criminal sin for which Adam was banished from Paradise. And the Adam in this apparent Eden looked many times as if banishment would be a blessed boon.

This however, is not what we call system. It is rather rigidity; that sort of discipline that is necessary for an army in an enemy's country where surprise is possible at any moment. What we would impress upon our friends in THE HOUSEHOLD is the desirability of such attention to regularity in the details of domestic arrangement as shall make the labor easy and done without worry. But it must be a system that will bend gracefully when circumstances render it necessary, a system that will carry with it no outward signs of anxious effort to preserve, that shall make home restful because orderly, happy, because no one is overburdened with care.

Men often fiercely criticise women in a wholesale way, because a portion fail in the perfect accomplishment of what is called womans' work. This is manifestly unjust. Men choose their vocations, usually with reference to their adaptability. A good lawyer would make a poor machinist and vice versa. But every woman is expected to be a housekeeper, or if not actually one at a given time is supposed to be prepared to take up the *role* successfully at any hour that she wishes or necessity compels her to do so. Sometimes she is entirely unfitted for the requirements of the position. Either she has no executive skill or no love for the routine which then becomes almost unbearable drudgery. A man under such circumstances would turn his attention to something else. But a wife and mother may not do this, no matter how distasteful her duties,—duties which, in nine cases out of ten, she assumes without knowing or approaching what will ...ured of her. It is true that there ...mparatively fewer complete failures in this almost universal vocation of ...n than in any other entered into by ...n women, but what limited measure ...f success is attained in many cases ...entirely to strong love for those whom the work is done,—love which ...engthens heart and hands for the performance of what would otherwise be unbearable.

It is no more disgraceful for a woman to admit that she does not like general housework than for a man to say he abominates chopping wood or carrying coal. The shame, if any there be, lies in neglecting a positive duty *because* it is distasteful. It is to this class who hate housekeeping that a plea for system should be most earnestly addressed, for it is they who find it most difficult to get through with their labor, without sinking under the burdens they have to carry.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

We waive the decision in regard to articles about card playing in favor of the following quaintly expressed poem, knowing that THE HOUSEHOLD will thank us:

About Cards.

Mother have read in the Household, what all
... the sisters have writ,
All about cards an' card-playin'; you may know
that my mammy have grit;
She's been mightily troubled about it, for she
knew to think it no harm—
When the North she left her ... o'er the prairie,
an' the log fire made the room warm,
To sit there with father an' Nodie, an' Annie
an' Jimmie an' me.
A pack was a vanity 'Black Peter,"ole Sallie" an'
"... a sinful a player."
But now they have got her to thinkin', an' actin'
an' likin' a fuss,
An' take her believe that she's makin' three
... men every day;
An' so, though a Norther be blowin', an' the fire
be burnin' bright,
An' mother have gave me the old deck, it's not
for her lay with to-night;
For mother she says to me, Johnnie, my brave
man now don't take it hard
But play in' is harmful an' wicked, an' so you
must throw every card."
And they have left me a sittin' all here by
the fire alone,
To ponder he likin' the Live Oak; oh my! how
the Norther do moan;
What if I'd hide the old codgers! my, Johnnie,
you wouldn't it be fair,
For mammy, dear mammy, she trust you; no
fathers, I'll put you right there!
There's trays an' the deuces an' four spots,
the tens an' the small fry I expect,
A deal the same as the old white fresh, but
they're needed to make up a deck;
There's fives an' sixes an' sevens, that reminds
me that father have said
That used to play seven-up with wise men, in the
old times, of which he have read;
The eight st ots remind me of Jackson, an' the
day of his glorious fight
And the fifters they stand for the muses, of
which father have told us upon sight.
The four tens, they wind up the spot cards, an'
so says that ten's a decade,
Each ter th year the census be taken, to show
folks of that we don't fade.
My, how the fire do eat them! Jess look at
them flames how they start's!
They don't know they're spoiling of dimonds,
or mind to the burning of hearts.
Here's ole Jack o' Spades, he's the "Peter," to
keep him would make me smart fly.
All know him by this yer ole grease-spot; I'm
sorry, ole cardner, good bye!
Here's the other knaves, Benius and Arnold,
an' that red handed one, bloody Booth,
Who murdered the best an' the purest great
exemplum of mankind Truth.
Father have told us the history, an' 'ventures of
each face card,
... like the burnin' of martyrs, an' some
... die mighty hard.
... queen o' the diamonds, Mary Ant-
... that the Johnnies cut so short;
... used to bleed for the poor girl, as
... aged her along in the cart.
Clubs Scotland, another, but she of the
fur ... Eliz-th' she killed her, be-
a th' was fair to be seen
... of Medicie, spades queen, for she
real... mercy a grave.
... wimmin an' children were a
are ... her for to save,
BAJ
some

An' there goes the kings an' the aces. I know
all their sisters too
For father would sit there an' tell us, when the
play of the ev'nin' was through.
There's king—but my mammy be coming, she
shan't be a catchin' me here
A mopin' an nearly a cryin'—I do say—why,
here be a tear!
An' in ther have read in the "Household,"
what all of them sisters have writ,
A l about cards an' card-playin' an' so our
... said to git
Austin, Texas, JOHNNIE HARLEY.

The Other Side.

In your issue of September 16 I notice an article from the pen of Mrs. Hiram Wright, which, while containing, I have no doubt, some points of merit, nevertheless abounds in much that is calculated to do great injustice to a large and respectable portion of the community commonly known as "atheists and skeptics," using, as the writer does, these words as synonymous with ignorance, degradation, vice and crime of every description, including murder, massacre and assassination. In her remarks she says that if our Nation was governed by the gambler the result would be that in a short time "the knowledge of God would be lost; His worship abandoned; religion and moral principles would be buried in the dust; the Bible would be held up to ridicule and committed to the flames; man would become degraded; the cheering prospect of immortality would be transformed into the shades of everlasting night; atheism fatalism, and skepticism would universally prevail; the laws of morality would be trampled under foot," etc., etc. Is she aware of the fact that nearly all of the most important of the sciences which are to-day the boast and pride of our nineteenth century civilization were tolerably well known to the Parsn Greeks and Egyptians two centuries before the commencement of the Christian era, and that they were diligently cultivated, and brought to a high state of perfection by the Saracens, during the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. Such was the progress made by the Saracens in science and civilization that within two centuries they had become well acquainted with many of the most important facts known to modern science. Colleges and other institutions of learning, together with vast libraries, both public and private, had been established throughout the whole extent of the Saracen dominions, from the Euphrates on the one hand to the Pyrenees on the other.

While Arabia, Egypt, North Africa and Spain were thus enjoying the bright beams of the newly risen sun of science and civilization, Christian theologians all over benighted Europe stood with the open Bible in one hand, while in the other they grasped the sword ready to pierce the heart of any who might attempt to bring the "unscriptural science" of the infidel Arab in contact with the "science of Genesis," but when the Reformation had set in, and the Church of Rome, the "Mother of Harlots," had engaged in a fierce death struggle with her offspring, each endeavoring to exterminate the other, then it was that science first made its appearance in Europe, the land of the Bible. Since then owing to the bitter enmity prevailing between the different sects into which Christendom has been divided, science has made rapid progress, and her elevating influence is beginning to be felt in all classes of society, threatening the very existence of the church itself.

Before closing this article, let me call the reader's attention to a letter published in the BLADE last Spring from the pen of a clergyman then traveling in the South. He says: "The generosity of railroad officials over Southern lines soon assured me that a Northern gospel worker was not unwelcome in the South and that there is an appreciation of the old Bible faith and its works of righteousness. One railroad Superintendent assured me that he did not know of an avowed infidel among Southerners. In this particular the masses here are far behind those of the North where almost one man in every ten at least, is a disciple of Ingersoll and Tom Paine. I have never found a people so universally in love with the old Bible faith in its fullest application to the heart and life and its simplicity of faith in Christ alone and his 'power to save.'"

Now, if as Christians claim, we owe to the Bible the credit of making us all that we are, we should certainly expect to find in a land where belief in the Bible is universal, where the people are "universally in love with the old Bible faith," and where are to be found none of the wicked followers of Paine and Ingersoll—a people as nearly perfect in every respect as human beings could possibly become. Look at the facts of history.

This people, when their effort to extend slavery over the free territories of the Nation was resisted by the North withdrew from the Union and established a separate Government with God in its consutution and slavery for its chief corner stone. During the war which followed, they filled nearly 13,000 graves at Andersonville with the emaciated skeletons of the Nation's defenders, who died of starvation and want in filthy prison pens, they butchered our soldiers under the sacred folds of a flag of truce at Fort Pillow, and attempted to murder off the innocent women and children of our cities by introducing among them deadly diseases by means of infected packages and articles of clothing, while at the present day lawlessness and violence reign almost supreme over a great extent of this land of universal belief in the Bible. How absurd then, in view of all these facts for Christians to claim that we owe "our present elevated position" to their religion and their Bible.

H. A. TOZIER.
Colorado, Lincoln Co., Kan.

Woman Suffrage.

A writer in one of your late issues calls the right of women to vote, "God given." I should like to ask his authority for that statement. Is not voting an earthly arrangement? Nature and custom both sanction the division of labor, which the world has now adopted, namely, that the man shall go out in the world, do the heavy work, earn the money, and make the written laws of the country; that women shall stay at home, spend the money, use her voice and influence in all good works, and through the children she trains, send her influence and opinions to future generations. It seems to me, no careful observer can fail to see that this arrangement is best for all. No country prospers long unless it is adopted and sustained. Savages have no settled home, and until they do, they remain savages. England and Germany, two of the most powerful and influential of modern countries are, emphatically, countries of homes. Pure, well-ordered homes are the foundation of all good government, and she who makes and keeps such an one, is the equal of any potentate in the land.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise.
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

When the day comes, (God grant it never may), that the women of America are willing to leave their present high and honored position, to descend to the trickery and scramble for office that is now going on in America, then will the historian begin to write the history of the decline and fall of the American Republic. While the majority of them are still willing to constitute a reserve force of purity and principle, there is hope for our country.

Lafayette, Ind. A WOMAN.

The weak part of the argument above is where the writer probably deems herself the strongest. It lies in the assumption that pure and happy homes would be wanting if women should have the right to give expression by ballot of their wishes in regard to the making of the laws which are to govern them. Why this should be so demoralizing is indeed hard to see. A true woman would never lose her womanliness by thinking intelligently about what makes the weal or woe of a country, or by acting in accordance with that thought. To go once or twice a year and deposit a vote, which, if it does no more, will at least counterbalance that of the ignorant ruffian who would pull down and destroy, if possible, churches, schools—all that she holds sacred—will surely not prevent her from caring tenderly for her husband and little ones, will not turn an affectionate wife and mother into a brazen termagant. This were to suppose American women essentially weak where they are strong; to make all of their devotion to home and home interests a mere matter of circumstance and compulsion; to declare their womanly virtues so lightly worn that the first breath of independent thought upon anything out of the usual groove would sweep them away like thistle down. We do not believe it. We have more confidence in their innate purity, their good sense and devotion to duty. The homes of America would be, more than now, the element of prosperity, the conservers of public morals, the foundation of good Government, did the wives, mothers and sisters help to make the laws of the land.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Home Greeting.

As I sit at the close of this beautiful day, thinking of home and the friends I have left behind me, calling up in fond remembrance those nearest and dearest, and reviewing the number to whom I have promised to send back a message very soon, it occurs to me that the best and surest method to reach them all and at the same time expedite matters is to send a communication to the dear old BLADE, which has proven a blessing to so great a number of us, and which upon its arrival now, seems like a cherished friend. These broad, rolling prairies delight me exceedingly, and although I am not much of a judge of agricultural pursuits, yet I think the perfection of results attained and the affluent circumstances of the owners of these large and beautiful farms bear testimony to the productiveness of the soil. Morrison and Sterling, rival towns of Whiteside County, are both creditable places, and although the former is the County seat, the latter seems to excel, and of this more particularly will I speak.

Sterling is a fine city of 4 000 inhabitants who can boast of several as beautiful residences as the "Future Great City" now possesses, and takes pride in as princely kept lawns as the eye often rests upon. It has its magnificent churches its Academy of Music, its Public Library, its imposing business blocks, and is noted for its fine educational facilities, but not one saloon; is a thoroughly temperance city and I find this is quite frequently the case throughout the State.

To day we have attended the Fair and although being accustomed to the mighty mass of people who yearly assemble at the Tri State Exhibition, yet I was perfectly astonished to witness such a crowd where only the County participated. The grounds are spacious and well planned, and the 20 000 people present were not at all crowded. The exhibition was good and compared favorably with State and even Tri State exhibits, which of course is very flattering.

Gen. U. S. Grant and Sen. Logan made their appearance amid the shouts of the vast assembly, and in turn addressed the people. The remarks of the former were received with much applause, and the concise, elegant language of the latter was rendered more deeply impressive, and the beautiful sentiments more highly appreciated by a richness of tone and perfection of delivery scarcely ever excelled by public speaker. The day's entertainment closed by the balloon ascension of Miss Nellie Thurston, of New York, which was pronounced a grand success.

Assuring all the members of THE HOUSEHOLD that in the formation of new ties and friendships, the old ones will never be forgotten I'll close.

MRS. C. G. BRADLEY,
Morrison, Ill.

Divers Things.

Is there room in THE HOUSEHOLD for a stranger from the far West? If so, I shall be glad to come in. Out here in Colorado where we women vote on school questions, and where thousands of our most intelligent men and women expect us soon to vote on every question, the questions of Mr. Cobb, such as: Will women work the roads? etc., seem very stale. Men do not work the roads after they are fifty years old, nor if physically unable, and we suppose women will be exempt from the same causes, but neither of them should be kept from voting for that reason.

Now I will charge the subject, and lest some innocent reader may imagine that I belong to that strong-minded class of women who wish to vote three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and do nothing the other fourth, I will send them a recipe for bread, which my thirty years experience tells me is the best bread for all purposes, that can be made, and is made with less trouble than any other. It will be found in the recipe column, and I hope will do some one good.

To lovers of fancy work, I would say, be moderate; do not let your passion take the form of a mania. Fancy work ought to be the trimming of a room; too much of it spoils the effect. Above all, avoid sham. You are no doubt striving to please some man, husband or brother, perhaps, and let me whisper a secret in your ears. Men hate shams; true men detest them. Let everything be real, what it purports to be, if you want to bring lasting pleasure; don't saw out flour barrels for chairs, etc., etc.

While seeking to make home the sweetest place on earth for some folks, don't forget to decorate the mind with entertaining ideas, even if they sometimes are scientific or political. A few hours each day spent in this will do more toward keeping the men at home evenings, than all the fancy work you can show them.

MRS. T. R. WRIGHT.
Greenwood Col.

A First Visit.

Come in I though I heard some one say, so I will make my little bow, say my little speech and try and not make my first visit to THE HOUSEHOLD too long.

As I am a teacher I must enter that class. I heartily agree with J. A. C. in his letter of Aug. 26. There is too much truth in it to make a joke of, but that style of teaching is fast being done away with. The people here in the South have no such schools as you in the North but our school system is much better than it was ten years ago.

It would be quite amusing to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to see some of our Southern school houses, but fearing this will land in the waste basket, I will not try to describe them this time, and will call again if Mr. Editor will admit me now. MONROY.

Ebenezer, Knox Co., Tenn.

Capital Punishment.

I fail to see any point made by "Patriot" in his article on Capital Punishment. It is a matter of history that Herod ordered the cradled innocences of Judea to be slain, and caused John to be beheaded, that Stephen was stoned, and Peter crucified head downward, that Theobau sacrificed the lives of 700 human beings for the restoration of his majesty's declining health, etc. But what has that got to do with the question of Capital Punishment? We believe that if the law was more strictly enforced, and criminals were not so often set free through the efforts of some eloquent attorney that there would be less crime. If a man *knew*, when he contemplated killing another, that he would be hung as certainly as he did it he would be apt to hesitate. What "Patriot" wants to work for is a more strict enforcement of our laws. Sentimentalism is wasted when lavished upon a red handed murderer. JUSTICE.

Bellefontaine, O.

Protest from Ness County.

Did "Mrr. Will B. Catore" mean Ness County when she wrote of starving Kansas? I wish she could only see native grass here now, she would not think it had struggled very hard for an existence. Indeed our County is going to "blossom as the rose" some time, and the less "sitting back and patiently waiting" we see, the better crops we have. Many are asking aid from this County; some need it, but we are not in a desert at all. It was very dry here in the Spring months, but since July we have had nice rains, and will have plenty of millet for all stock in the County and the people too if they could only be trained to eat it, and these same "obstinate" men will be rich farmers some day if they work hard and await results.

PRETTY BY NIGHT.
Ness, Ness Co., Kan.

Makes Her Smile.

I have been much interested in THE HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE and have long wished to add my mite to its column. But it sometimes makes me smile, as, for instance, at the lady who had so much trouble with her mopping. For my part I would not wish a "small boy," or even a small girl, to mop for me, soiling up the mop boards and splashing and spattering things generally. It takes an artist to mop properly. I am hardly equal to the task myself, and certainly do not want a worse hand at it.

Please give us more recipes for ladies' table and bed spreads, etc.

DELTA.
Middleton, Oregon.

New Home.

I come again to call on the "Household Sisters," not to tell you of "Turkish Rugs" this time, but of the transfer I have made from "our own Garfield State" to this—Northern Alabama. I can truly call it the land of "fruits and flowers." How I would love to have you go with me through the woods to gather wild flowers that are in bloom from March till Christmas, and see the thousands of ornamental pines and cedars. Could you look at the cotton fields now you would think of nothing but a snow storm over every one of them. The crop is being rapidly prepared for market.

MRS. A. L. HYDE.
HYDE PARK, Limestone, Ala.

Recipes.

RECIPE FOR COLORING COTTON RAGS BLUE.

For each five lbs of rags; copperas, 4 oz.; dip and boil 15 minutes; then dip in strong suds and back into the dye two or three times. Then make a dye of prussiate of potash, 1 oz; oil of vitriol 6 tablespoonfuls; boil 30 minutes and rinse out dry.

RECIPE FOR YELLOW.

For each five pounds of rags; Sugar of lead 7 ozs.; water 2 qts.; dip and boil 2 hours; make a new dye of bichromate of potash, 4 ozs.; water 1 gal; dip until the color suits.—MRS. DR. WILKINS, Mt. Union, Ia.

ROLLS, RUSKS, ETC.

To make nice rolls take about 3 cups of bread dough when light, add to it ½ cup lard or butter and ½ cup sugar and enough more flour to make stiff. Let rise, then roll about an inch thick; cut with large biscuit cutter, put a little melted butter on ½ and double the other ½ over, press the edges together and place in pan 1 to 2 inches apart. When risen light again, rub the tops with butter and bake a delicate brown in a quick oven.

For rusks, to the same amount of dough when light add 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 well beaten eggs and flour to make the dough stiff. Let rise and mould with hands into high narrow biscuits. Let rise till quite light then bake. When nearly done rub the tops with a little milk in which you have dissolved some sugar. This gives a nice glossy.

For buns, in the morning, break 1 egg into a cup filled with sweet milk, then mix with it ½ cup of yeast, ½ cup of butter, 1 cup sugar, flour enough for a soft dough, and flavor with nutmeg. When very light, mold into small biscuits adding a few currants. Let rise a second time in the pan; bake and glaze tops as directed for rusks.

Nice griddle cakes can be made by adding to 1 qt. of buttermilk a level teaspoonful of soda, 1 egg and flour for a thin batter. Beat well with a spoon.

For soda biscuit sift a quart of flour in which has been mixed a teaspoonful of soda. Rub into this 2 teaspoonfuls of lard or butter and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Pour in sour milk gradually, mixing with the tips of the fingers until you have a soft dough. Roll out lightly on a well floured moulding board, cut about ½ inches thick and bake immediately in a quick oven.—BELLE BROOKS.

BREAD MAKING.

If you wish to bake in the forenoon stir rising at night; if in the afternoon stir it after breakfast. One qt. of very warm water, ½ teaspoonful salt, same of sugar; stir in flour to make a stiff batter; keep as warm as possible, not to scald; it ought to rise in five or six hours, but when it gets cool in the night, will come in a few hours after re warming it. As soon as it is light, take sweet milk, and heat half of it until scalding hot—not boiling; scald the flour; now put in the rising; warm the other half of the milk and mix your loaf; place in a general dripping pan to rise. Mix as soft as you can to knead on board; knead a few minutes, long enough to make a smooth loaf only. Let it rise one hour, then bake in a quick oven from ½ to ¾ of an hour. Care will enable any one to have uniformly good bread the year round, if these directions are followed. A warm oven is the best place for rising, or bread to be set while rising.

I think it pays to can preserves, as it saves them souring, or turning to sugar.—MRS. T. R. WRIGHT, Greenwood Colorado.

SWEET PICKLES.

To 7 lbs. of fruit take 3 lbs. of sugar and 1 qt of vinegar. Put the sugar in your preserving kettle with water enough to dissolve. Let it boil and form a syrup and then add the vinegar and the spices. Cloves and cinnamon are the spices I use. When that boils put the fruit in and let it boil, then take out; leave the syrup to boil until it is thick, then pour it over the fruit in the jar. Let it stand 2 days, then take the syrup and boil again until it is thick and pour on the fruit boiling hot.—M. A. T.

LEMON PIE.

Please say to those asking for lemon pie recipe that the following will make two pies, and I think if they will try it they will like it:

Take 4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 2 very good sized tablespoonfuls of butter, one of flour, the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, and ½ teacup water; bake with one crust like a custard.—MARY, Hemper, Ill.

LEMON PIE.

MRS. C. E. Elwood wishes a recipe for lemon pie so I will send mine which I think very good: Take 1 lemon, 1 teacup sugar, 1 teacup water, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 egg and butter the size of a hickory nut. Slice the lemon thin and cook in the water till tender, then add the sugar, then make a thickening of the flour. Add last the egg and butter and bake with one crust.—C. D.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

2 cups of sugar, 1 of butter, beaten together. The yolks of 5 eggs and the whites of 3 beaten to a stiff froth; 1 cup of milk, ½ teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 2½ cups of sifted flour. For the filling; ½ cake Baker's chocolate grated fine, 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, milk enough to moisten. Boil until quite thick. Flavor with vanilla and spread while hot between the cakes, which should be baked in jelly pans. For the frosting: whites of 3 eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. 3 heaping teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate.—MRS. S. E. D., Brookstraw N. Y.

Inquiries.

Will some one please give a good recipe for making icing for fruit and for ice cake? Can any one tell me how to destroy vermin that are in the earth that house plants are growing in?—Mrs. M. E. Sergent, Breckenridge, Caldwell Co., Missouri.

Will some one send a recipe for jelly rolls? I always get my cake too brittle.—Mattie.

Noticing a recipe to remove moth and freckles in THE HOUSEHOLD columns of the 23d of September, I would like to ask if it is 10 cents worth each of gum camphor and alcohol?—C. D.

Will any of the good ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD or readers of the BLADE tell me the address of Addison Havens? When last heard of was in Sheboygan, Wis., July 27, 1880.—L. M. RENIE, Mexico, Mo.

In the BLADE'S issue of September 9 h one of THE HOUSEHOLD correspondents recommends acid phosphate for dyspepsia. Will that correspondent, or some one else, be so kind as to give directions in regard to using it?—INQUIRER, Meredith, Kan.

Directions will be found with the bottle.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Answers to Inquiries.

To take mildew out of bleached linen, put a tablespoonful of chloride of lime into a quart of water, then dip the goods in it and spread in the sun. If not out when dry, add more lime and water and dip again.—P. S. WALKUP, Pipeston.

I noticed a few weeks ago one of the sisters asked for some lines suitable for an album. Here are a few:

"Go, Album! range the gay parterre
From gem to gem, from flower to flower
Select with taste and cull with care,
And bring your offerings fresh and rare,
To this sweet maiden's bower."

"Had I the power to carve or print
Thy future, my dear friend,
It would be fair and ever bright,
Unclouded to the end."

"Remember me, and bear in mind
A constant friend is hard to find;
And if you find one that is true,
Oh! do not change her (him) for the new."

"Some friends may wish thee happiness,
Some others wish thee wealth;
My wish for thee is better far—
Contentment, blest with health.

"As a slight token of esteem
Accept these lines from me;
So plain, so simple do they seem
Unworthy such as thee.

But soon these traced lines will fade
And disappear—it is their do om;
May you unlike them be arrayed
In a perpetual bloom.

May your joy be as deep as the ocean,
Your sorrow as light as its foam.

What! write in your album for critics to spy?
For the learned to laugh at? No, not I!

Some people can be very funny,
I never could be so;
So I'll just inscribe my name,
It's the funniest thing I know."

MRS. JOHN B.
Oregon.

Exchanges Wanted.

I want minerals, rare shells, whale teeth, crystal quartz—anything nice for a cabinet collection. I'll send iron pyrites, fine rock, fossil shell rock, oil painting done to order, when curiosities are sent me. Each to prepay postage. J. MORRELL.

Litchfield, Medina Co., Ohio.

Editor's Gossip With Her Household.

A non-poetical translation of the French verse sent by A. B C., is as follows: A famous journalist who believed himself a luminary, said to a beggar whom he had drowned in darkness; "Where then do you discover this Creature of Beauty (or Excellence) this Redresser that you extol!" 2. The sentence reads literally, unconnected as it is; "I have something yonder." We have never heard of the persons you inquire about, and do not find their names in any Cyclopedia.

"Ouida" is not married. She is conceded to possess a fascinating style, made up of a luxuriance of expression, the result of a most vivid imagination, and a keen, caustic wit that cuts incisively whatever it touches. Her stories arouse interest at the start, and usually hold it to the end, although the sarcastic bitterness in all her latest works detract from it with many. They are unhealthy in their influences and immoral in their tendencies because of the low view she takes of humanity. Altogether they are anything but what ought to be put into the hands of young people for their perusal.

One of the writers in THE HOUSEHOLD this week speaks of avoiding "shams" but carries the idea a little too far, if, as her words would lead us to suppose, she classes among them all of the pretty make shifts by which a tasteful, ingenious housekeeper with small means makes her home bright and comfortable. Why not improvise chairs, lounges, etc., out of rough frames, that can be daintily covered, and their ugliness destroyed? To make something desirable for house furnishing at little expense is a most excellent thing, and the knack to do this, often turns the homelicst little house into an Eden of comfort.

If the members of THE HOUSEHOLD would be careful to date their communications they would greatly oblige us. In such a mass of matter as reaches us weekly, articles that we desire to publish in their turn are liable to be left over.

Broke Out Again.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, has broke out again. He thanks God that the South is as solid to day as it was for Jeff Davis in 1860. It will be remembered that Mr. Blackburn is the gentleman who expressed the determination never to rest until he had stripped all the war legislation from the statute books. He was muzzled then, but the Democrats think that they are so sure of victory this year that they can "safely express their sentiments." Mr. Blackburn's sentiment is unmistakable, and yet there are people who think the Republican is a sectional party because it proposes to support the principles Grant and Sherman fought for, as strongly as Mr. Blackburn and his party do the principles of Lee and Jackson.

The Lie Democrats Tell in Tariff Districts.

Dayton Journal.

One of the feeblest pleas of Democratic orators and organ orators in a Tariff District is that Garfield is a Free Trader. As he has voted for every tariff bill that has become a law during his 18 years in Congress, his record shows better for him than any other rebutting argument could. That Garfield thinks the present tariff could be judiciously amended we doubt not. There are no Tariff men will controvert that proposition, but he is a sound Tariff man and is supported by the Tariff men of the manufacturing States.

Jackson (Minn.) Republic.

Uncle Samuel Hall says that St. Jacobs Oil has limbered up his limbs and he is now ready for that foot race on the Fourth. We are ready, too, Uncle. You did the fair thing when you notified us in advance that you had used "St. Jacobs." We can prepare accordingly.

You Must Try It.

Do not despair even if you have suffered for years from weak kidneys and torpid bowels. The celebrated Kidney-Wort has cured hundreds of cases of from five to thirty years standing. It is nature's great remedy.

The colored people of North Carolina will hold a fair of their own, having been refused recognition by the managers of the State Agricultural Society.

Our Young Folks.

For the Blade.

ARISE AT DAWN.

BY MRS. L. A. WOODWARD HORNING.

Arise at the silvery dawning of day,
Ere the hills have been tinged with the sun's glowing beams,
And far in the shadowy, emerald groves
The birds are awaking from innocent dreams.
And over the couch of each wee helpless throng
The mother bird warbles her first matin song.

Arise, little children! O, be not behind
The day-dawn, the birds, and the sun's dazzling beams;
Arise, and unite in thanksgiving and praise,
For blessings which hallow your waking and dreams,
Yes, let every heart in the young, happy throng,
Unite with the birds in their first morning song.

When lovingly over the calm Sabbath morn
The sunbeams have woven their beauty and gold,
Although in the woodlands unto the charmed view
New beauties in numberless myriads unfold,
With the Sabbath-School children, a glad, joyous throng
Assemble, and join in their sweet greeting song.

Little Madge.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

'Oh dear! such fun! Don't I wish just for once I could be a rich lady's little girl, and wear a white dress and slippers, and a blue sash ever so wide, and curls in my hair! I do wish a fairy could fly right out of the sky this minute, and give me the things I want! Oh, dear me!"

Little Madge sat perched on the iron fence surrounding a handsome house, within which a birthday party was going on merrily. It was dark outside, and the street lamps were not bright enough to betray this little watcher to the gaze of the young people who were dancing under the light of brilliant chandeliers, and sending the sweet music of their happy voices out through the open windows into the silent street, where a few moments before little Madge Lee had been trying to sell matches. So she had ceased her cry of "Matches! matches!" which seemed so feeble in comparison to the sounds of merry music that filled the street as she came slowly along, and had clambered like a monkey to the top of the iron fence, where at last she sat securely, watching the good time going on inside the beautiful rooms.

Madge had never in all the eight years of her life owned such things as a white dress, slippers or sash. And as for "curls in her hair," her own round head was like a boy's, so closely was the dark hair cut.

Madge, with several others as unfortunate as herself, lived with an old woman who cared for them only according to the pennies they brought in to her each night. Whether the pennies were begged or stolen or honestly earned made little difference to her. The children were all waifs and strays whom nobody owned or seemed to care for, and, with the exception of little Madge none of them had known a parent's love. Her father died when she was a baby, and, after a few years' struggle with poverty, her dead mother had followed him, leaving her child to the tender mercies of Mrs. McLane.

For two years Madge had lived with this woman, roaming the streets by day and sleeping on a handful of straw at night. She was scolded when she failed to bring in the usual amount of pennies, often ever whipped than scolded, and never spoken kindly to except by some kind hearted stranger in the street.

On this night her little heart had seemed more than ever despondent and weary, for people did not want her matches, and pushed her aside when she would have offered them. And she was just about to cry, when the sound of music fell upon her ear and drew her toward the house where it proceeded.

While she sat upon the railing, intent upon the scene before her, a voice at her side startled her.

"Is it here ye are, Madge Lay? Bad luck to ye thin. Won't ye be after catchin' the lickin' from Granny McLane for not sellin' yer matches! Sure, ye needn't be invyin' the stoyle of yer betthers as kin dance, for lookst!" and sezing what little remained to her of a shirt, Biddy O'Hara commenced a caper on her toes in such a way as made Madge laugh outright.

In an instant Biddy dropped flat on the ground under the fence, while Madge, in a vain attempt to follow her example, caught her dress in the railing and hung helpless, just as a lady, who had been near the window, looked out to see where the laugh came from.

Poor frightened Madge! She was seen by the lady, who called to her kindly: "What is the trouble, little girl? Can't you get down?"

"Whist! aisy, Madge. Don't spake a wurrid for yer life!" was whispered by Biddy from her hiding place.

But Madge's fright vanished at the kindly words and tone, and she answered: "Please, lady, I'm caught in a rail; but I wasn't a doin' any harm, ma'am, I'll go as soon as I can get loose, please, lady."

"Arrah, thin, Madge Lay, if ye bethray me here I'll have it out wid ye afther; now mojnd!" came again from the frightened Biddy, who had really nothing to be afraid of, only that her pocket held three stolen handkerchiefs and her heart a guilty feeling that weighed like lead.

Meanwhile the lady had sent a servant out to release Madge from her predicament, and bade him also bring the child to the door. There she gave Madge a plate of ice cream, and told her to sit down on the step and eat it. "It is late for so young a child to be out alone. How happens it so with you, little girl?" she asked.

And Madge replied simply: "Trying to sell matches, ma'am. And I just stopped to see the fun inside here, that's all; and I happened to laugh, ma'am, and was scared, and stuck on the fence when I was tryin' to get down."

At last Madge finished her ice cream, gave the plate to the servant, and thanking him (for the lady had returned to the children in the parlor,) went down the steps with a bright face.

What she and Biddy talked about after that needn't be told here; but what Biddy did is rather important to know, because but for that particular thing I doubt if this story of "Little Madge" would have been told. A few moments more Madge watched the party, climbing the fence again in order to see better, while Biddy, in her rage over Madge's good luck, revenged herself in her own favorite way—a good slap on the little bare foot which hung over the railing.

The front door stood open, and the light from the hall chandelier shone upon something that glittered on one door mat. The servant was not in sight, the merriment in the parlors was increasing, the way was open to any child who might see and covet the gold locket which lay ready to be picked up either by honest or dishonest hands. And Biddy O'Hara was just the child to creep up the steps as she did, and with just such naughty hands as hers pick up the locket, and, after one examination of it, slip it into the pocket in which were the three stolen handkerchiefs.

But rapid as had been the girl's examination of the locket, she had been noticed by Madge as she sat on her high seat. However, she kept quiet about her discovery as presently she and Biddy went home through the lonely streets, but never had detective sharper eyes to watch than had Madge, who used her blue orbs to the best advantage before she tumbled down upon her share of the straw that night, and prepared to sleep—or rather appeared to prepare for sleep—for not one step toward slumber land would the little girl go until the locket had been removed from the hole in the wall where Biddy had so slyly put it.

And so it happened that when, by and by, Biddy and all the others were sleeping, Madge crept over to the hole, and returned with the locket in her own possession. Then she slept, too, and the locket remained safely hidden in the little girl's dress until she arose in the early morning.

"Now, thin, Madge Lay," screamed Mrs. McLane, shaking her finger at the child, "here's thim matches av yourn, an' moind ye don't come forninst the eyes av me without ye've sold the blissed lot, ivery wan av 'em, or it's sorra a tass e av supper ye'll git the nought." So Madge was pushed out and up the steps into the glad sunshine so grateful to her. And eagerly she began to search for the house in which the party had been given the night before. It had been a strange street to Madge, and she could not quite locate it again, though she walked until her little feet ached, and she finally sat down on the curbstone of a pleasant, shady avenue to rest awhile.

Madge grew discouraged. She looked up at the blue, far-off sky, and dimly remembered when people had explained to her that her mamma and papa, poor as they had been in this world, had gone to live there and be happy for evermore. She remembered how she had cried, and how her mother had kissed her the very last thing, and then suddenly turned so pale and cold that the little girl grew frightened, and cried harder than ever in her life before. She hadn't had a kiss since that time from anybody; and how the little motherless heart yearned for just one warm, loving caress from the dear mother who "lived in the sky" as the child expressed it! So, when presently she saw a lady and child at the basement window opposite, she went over, and, kneeling at the window, offered a box of matches for sale. The lady noticed the traces of Madge's tears, and kindly inquired the cause as she bought and paid for the matches. Little Madge replied:

"I was wanting to be kissed, ma'am, and wishing for my mother in heaven, and I was so—so tired with looking for a lady who had her locket stole, ma'am, and I watched where the girl hid it, and was going to take it back, but I can't find the street, nor house, nor anything, ma'am, and I wish I had a mother to hold me in her lap like you hold your little girl. It must be nice to have a mother."

"Poor little girl!" said the lady, and then she suddenly added: "Come inside, please. I'll let you in, and then I want you to go up stairs with me."

Much astonished Madge obeyed, and followed the lady up to a pleasant room where a gentleman was at work amid easels, and half-finished pictures and the pretty confusion of an artist's studio.

"Edward, you wanted a model yesterday," said the lady. "Here's a child who might do for your street picture. See, she carries the matches with her—just the thing.

And so the little Madge earned a whole silver dollar for half a day's standing in one position before the artist, who was delighted with his model, and made a charming likeness of her, matches, ragged dress, bare feet and all. The child left the locket with her new friend, to be taken care of until she might find the owner, and then went crying matches through the streets, with a happy heart, little dreaming of what would result from her mor

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Egyptian Corn.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Please say to A. M. Lee, of Westfield, Ill., that Egyptian corn is raised in Western Kansas and is preferred by many feeders to that of Indian corn. It yields from 30 to 80 bushels per acre. I think that it is the best feed for young stock that our country produces, and it will stand more drouth than our common corn will. It certainly can be raised in Illinois and all other corn countries. A bushel of seed is plenty to plant 10 acres.

Enos Glick.

Vermillion, Ill.

Apple Tree Borers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

1. Will some person that is posted, tell the proper time to look at apple trees for the borers? This is a question that will apply to thousands of men that have orchards. Please, also, to give method of taking them out of the trees? What time of the year is the best to prune apple trees?

Wm. Bell.

Isidore, Mo.

Swine Raising.

The hog is the most raised and least understood of all domestic animals. This ignorance in a great measure accounts for the prevalent disease among them. From their cradle in some filthy pen, to their grave, in a slaughter-house, they are misunderstood and mistreated. Therefore, if they sometimes turn out a bad investment, the result may be attributed to one of these causes. Owing to their prolific nature, everbody has sought to raise them, without even a forethought as to whether they are prepared for such an undertaking. Indeed, it is the general impression that accommodation is not at all essential to their welfare. And it is generally believed that they can adapt themselves to any surroundings and flourish like weeds. Just why such a notion obtains cannot be explained, as it is far from the truth, and every intelligent person should know it—because they were self supporting, and could do their own foraging when in a wild state, should be no reason for supposing they can withstand the same hardships when the conditions surrounding them have so materially changed. In the past three decades they have passed through a great transition, as has to bone and tissues. The improvement has been commensurate to the great efforts made to enlarge the frame, increase and improve the quantity and quality of the meat and to bring about that symmetry of form so pleasing to the eye and profitable to the producer.

All this has not been accomplished without making severe drafts upon the constitution. Hogs must have room, and plenty of it. They must have strong constitutions, and must be bred with special regard to this prime necessity. Those who are incapable of exercising judgment in such matters will surely fail of success in the business, and what is worse, they will entail failure upon all others who have anything to do with the stock they produce. Let constitution be the first consideration with all and make size, frame and other qualifications subservient to this single project; we shall then have an animal easy to raise, easy to fatten, and profitable to market. First in importance to successful breeding is full maturity. No brood sow should be brought into service at an earlier age than from 10 to 12 months—twelve being much preferred. None should pig more than once the first breeding year. The most vigorous breeding animals from the twelfth to the twenty-fourth months. Both sexes are then in their prime, and if properly bred will not fail to bring strong, healthy pigs. Select those hogs for breeders that are so formal as to admit of full development of the vital organs. The lungs should have free action, the kidneys must be strong and vigorous, the digestive organs should be perfect, and work in full unison. Avoid all hogs with a tendency to a sluggish liver.

While the sow is with pig she is particularly subject to derangement of the digestive organs. They are likewise susceptible to the least climatic changes, and the inactivity of the vital organs permits the virus of the blood to accumulate until it is absorbed into the circulation; the organs will then no longer perform their functions, and the sow will cease to thrive, while at the same time the pigs will become inoculated with the germs of disease. If too much corn is fed it overheats the bloods, thus putting it in a position to aggravate disease. Her whole period of gestation indicates and requires that a mild cathartic and a strong tonic be administered in regular doses, and those who fail to comply with nature's demands in this particular are sure to suffer for it. If her actions were not restrained, and if she were not subjected to the will of man by being placed in conditions that are forced and unnatural, instinct would direct her to seek these necessities. As man has hampered and diverted this instinct and rendered its exercise impossible, he must supply its place with its reason; he must watch her symptoms and apply the remedy and thus avert a runty progeny. Do not allow her to rest too much, and if so inclined, force them to exercise. Change feed often, and shelter from inclement weather. Change their quarters at intervals, and never allow the sanitary condition of the place to be in the least neglected. Remember the cleanest of all domestic animals, if well bred, is the much maligned hog.—*J. Hass, in Drover's Journal.*

Seeding Down Land.

There is doubt that land to be seeded to grass is best done in the Fall, and no month in the year, unless it may be August, is better adapted to this purpose than September. Notwithstanding this a large majority of farmers seed down in the Spring. We have succeeded well in seeding down in September, after taking off a crop of barley, for green fodder in June, then sowing with Hungarian in July, and after taking this off in September, seeded down to grass. But remembered that this piece of ground was plowed three times during the year and matured, three times.

The quantity of seed depends very much upon the kind of grasses to be grown. Our plan is to sow a bushel and a quarter of red top, one peck and a half of timothy to the acre. It is always best to sow these grasses together unless mature about the same time.

Orchard grass, Kentucky blue grass, tall meadow oat grass, and meadow fescue make an excellent mixture, and with red clover blossom about the same time. These grasses will be ready for mowing by the middle of June and in the barn before the latter grasses are in blossom. Our mixture of these grasses for an acre is orchard grass half a bushel, meadow fescue half a bushel, tall meadow oat grass and Kentucky blue grass one peck each, and in the Spring sow six pounds of red clover seed. It is highly important that the land should be well worked and well manured before the seed is sown.

When hay is much needed and it is not desirable to plant sod land, it may be plowed up this week or next, turning the sod well over, and then harrow in some well rotted or fine manure, or if these are lacking then some special fertilizer, harrowing it well in, then seeding down again, and next Summer a good crop of hay can be cut. Few persons are aware of the amount of fertilizing matter there is in a sod turned under; and we have known of farms which have been greatly improved in the course of a dozen years, while the hay has been yearly sold off, by turning over the sod every three or four years and applying fertilizers. In order to do this it would be necessary for a person to understand the character of his land, so that he may know what kind of fertilizers it will require. In fact, so important has the hay crop become that it is necessary that every grass which is to be made into hay should be a special study, so that its qualities may be well understood.

Training Oxen.

"The first thing necessary in training oxen," says Mr. White, who trained the yoke on exhibition through the country, "is kindness; then patience. I began in November last, not knowing whether I could get taught in time for this season or not, but I soon found them so tractable that my hopes began to be raised. It took me just a day to learn that it wasn't necessary to strike a blow or speak a word. The farmers who go along shouting at their cattle and goading them, waste breath and strength. A dozen yoke of oxen could be taught to draw a load a hundred miles without a word or a blow. It is only necessary that the farmer should lead, to show the direction, and the beasts, if kindly treated and having an affection for their master, will do the rest. These oxen were trained by uniform kindness. A series of tricks in regular order was fixed upon, and I put them through every day. I was with them nearly all the time and they followed me like two pet kittens. There was a ring in the stables where I taught them day by day. First, with food in my hands, I got them to follow me around in any direction I chose to take. In this way I got them to go along on their knees to waltz. What they knew when I got them had practically to be untaught, as it was all done by 'gee' and 'haw.' I found they were quick of sight, and that, having taught them certain things, I needed after that to simply get where they could see me, and to give them a cue by the motion of my body or my whip in a certain direction. In this way the waltz was taught, and when they go around the ring on their knees I keep ahead of them and they follow me."

Improving the Stock Cheaply.

Many farmers suppose that because they cannot buy a herd or a flock that therefore they must be content with growing scrub stock. On this subject the *Live Stock Journal* iterates what we have frequently urged, in the following: It doesn't require a section of land, nor a big bank account to make a beginning. You need not go to England, nor even to a sister State, to get the "blood" which is sure to "tell." Good, reliable breeders of Short-horns, Herefords, Holsteins, Jerseys, etc., are scattered all through the States, and will supply, at reasonable cost, a young bull or a few cows, or whatever may be desired. A pure-blooded bull calf can be bought all the way from fifty dollars upwards, and bred to native cows, will give half blooded animals which, when grown, will sell readily at high figures, when the "scrubs" are not wanted at any price. If any farmer says he hasn't fifty dollars to spare, let him join his neighbor, and own the animal in common. From this point of view the "can't afford it" plea disappears; for if necessary, a pool of five dollars each may be formed. In just that way the breeders of Madison, Clinton and other counties in Ohio, in early days, formed their associations for importing Short-horns from England, and the great results accomplished point the way for the common farmers of to-day.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Barreling Apples.

Nothing is gained by the frauds which are attempted to be practised in the popular way of barrelling apples—nice fair ones at each end of the barrel, and knotty and small and indifferent ones in the middle. It has been practised so long that no one expects anything else. But if same one would put up honest barrels of apples, by sorting and carefully selecting, in a few years, by branding, any fruit grower could establish such a reputation that his apples would command double price. The present way has become too thin a fraud to be longer practised by any good man. The right way is to carefully sort those uniform in size and quality, and place in clean, new barrels carefully by hand; begin packing by placing a tier of apples with their ends to the closed head of the barrel, then fill up without bruising the fruit; shake down thoroughly, and fill the barrel so full that the head must be pressed in with a lever, flattening the last tier of apples. The fruit must be pressed so firmly that it will not move in handling. After heading up, place the barrel in some cool, shaded position, there to remain until in danger of freezing; finally remove to a dry cellar or fruit room, where a temperature just above freezing is maintained. Packed in this manner apples will keep soundly until the season of ripening arrives, when they should be consumed.—*Iowa State Register.*

Goats for Churning.

Those persons who have tried them say that goats are the best of all animals for this purpose. Being natural climbers, the up and down movement on the power used for driving the churn, does not tire them as it does other animals; in fact, they rather like the work as being special fun for them. Fewer or more goats can be put on to the tread power to operate it as a less or greater churning may require. As goats will subsist on coarser herbage than any other grazing animal, they are doubtless the most economical of all to use for churning; and those who have dairies of only a moderate size cannot do better than to use them for this purpose. If, in addition, they select them from milking breeds, they will be well repaid for their keep from this alone. Goat milk cheese is a delicious article when properly made, and commands a high price in the European markets, being considered there a great luxury. Goats make handsome teams to draw children's wagons and sleighs, and are much sought after for this work. It will thus be seen that the goat can be utilized both profitably and pleasantly for quite a variety of purposes.

How Much Wheat Seed to the Acre?

In a late *Rural* a Virginia contributor said that one and a half to one and three-quarters bushel of wheat seed to the acre is the right quantity. On this head I will give my experience for three years:—In '77 I sowed one peck in rows 18 inches apart, and cultivated in the Spring—result 35 bushels. The average crop of the neighborhood was about 10 bushels per acre. In '78 I used 40 pounds of seed on two and one third acres, and got 70 bushels. It was a good wheat year, the average yield on my neighbors' land being from 15 to 25 bushels per acre. In '79 I sowed 100 pounds of seed on five acres in rows 12 inches apart, and harvested 18 bushels per acre. This was a poor wheat season, the average yield in the neighborhood being from five to 10 bushels per acre. I shall sow the last named amount again this Fall. If our Virginia friend will again try the peck of seed with the product of which he was not content, on land less heavily manured, he may be better satisfied. If farmers would experiment more, they would learn more to their profit.

W. H

Daviess Co., Ky.

Red Berkshire Swine.

The *National Live Stock Journal* says that a Mr. Miller of Iowa, has a large herd of these, and realized in July for a lot of 60 head, sold in Chicago, 10 cents per 100 pounds higher price than was obtained for any other fat swine on the same day. The lot averaged, at one year old, 365 pounds each. We should like to know what authority Mr. Miller has for calling his swine "Red Berkshires." for none purely red were ever bred in that district of England to our knowledge; but the original Berkshires were a red ground, well spotted with black. Are not these Miller swine simply "Jersey Reds" such as have abounded a long time in the State of New Jersey, and are now spreading elsewhere? These are marked like the original Berkshires, are of larger size, coarse in the bone, with great flop ears. They are thrifty, hardy race, and attain heavy weight at an early age, but do not fully mature until two to two and and half years old.

HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Titusville Herald.

A solemn-appearing stranger, seated in a travel-stained buggy, which was drawn by a horse that looked like Dore's picture of Rozinante, reined up in Titusville the other evening. The stranger stood up in his vehicle, glanced up at the town clock, bowed to the people passing on both sides of the street, and said:

"I come unannounced and unheralded, but at the earnest solicitation of the State Central Committee."

A dozen people stopped.

"The times are out of joint; O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right," remarked the stranger in a loud voice. "But the State Central Committee insisted so hard that I had to come down among you."

The crowd was swelling rapidly, and inquiries passed from lip to lip as to the speaker's identity.

"I think it's Col. Forney," suggested a man on one side of the street, while on the other side the rumor was being rapidly circulated that it was Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, who had consented to come here and look after the oil vote for Garfield.

"I come unheralded," said the strange man, "not simply as a matter of taste, but as a matter of policy. I do not myself like these immense civic displays, and in saying this I do not wish to reflect upon our people for their magnificent reception of my friend Gen. Grant. His was an exceptional case."

"I believe it's Garfield himself," said a man sitting on the curbstone.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it was Hancock," suggested another, as he glanced into a shop window to compare the face with a chromo of the General.

The stranger cast his eyes slowly over the crowd, and continued:

"The interest which you manifest assures me that you are alive to the great importance of this campaign."

"We don't want traitors to run this country!" shouted a man who thought the speaker was Gen. Garfield.

"Right; right you are, friend," responded the speaker pleasantly. "This is the grandest country the sun ever shone upon. We want men, honest men, men of wisdom, integrity, and patriotism to rule this God-given Government;" then, raising his eyes to a 10 cent flag that fluttered from a window-sill, he apostrophized it:

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home, by angels' hands to valor given, thy stars have lit the welkin dome, and all thy hues were born in heaven."

The eloquent words of the speaker called forth loud cheers from both Democrats and Republicans, notwithstanding the cheapness, in a money point of view, of the particular copy of the flag referred to.

After the applause had subsided, he went on:

"As I have said, the State Central Committee—"

"What Central Committee?" inquired a man who was anxious as to the speaker's politics.

"I am a plain, blunt man, and I will not have proceeded far until there will be no occasion to ask, 'Under which flag, Benzonian?' The people demand a change. [Cheers from the Democrats.] The people of this country have been swindled long enough. [Democratic yells, and cries of 'Give it to em, hot and heavy?'] Gentlemen, I have known Gen. Garfield long and well, and he is one of God's own noblemen. [Cheers from Republicans.] As a President he would adorn his country. [Loud cheers.] I also know Gen. Hancock. I consider him the very best type of the handiwork of our Creator. [Tremendous cheering by the Democrats.] But, gentlemen, it is principles, not men, that we must look after now."

The speaker paused, took some documents from under the buggy seat, while the crowd wondered hopefully what side of the house he was on anyway.

"This is an important crisis in our country's history," he began again, "and historians will so record it. I dare say you are all sick of politics and politicians." [Cries of "We are!" "We are!" "Give us honest men!"]

"Yes, my friends, give us honest men! That is the Macedonian cry that greets me everywhere, and it strikes a responsive chord here in my heart of hearts. How many gentlemen are in this vast concourse of intelligence who say 'Down with politics?'" [A hundred voices—"Here!" "Here!" "Here!"]

"Now we understand each other. I am down on politicians like a pile driver. I profess to be an honest man, and I have that here in this little parcel," and he held up a small tin box between his thumb and fingar, "which I am not too proud to recommend to honest men of whatever political party. I call it the Saint's Rest, or the E Pluribus Unum Corn and Bunion Eradicator. With it I remove the worst chronical case of corn, bunion, wart, or other excrescence that ever defiled the fair form of man or woman."

The opinion of the people has been fully confirmed by wide spread experience that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best and cheapest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, etc.

THE FREIGHTERS' TROUBLE

Likely to Result in Something Serious.

Denver, Oct. 7.—Advices from Delnorter state the following particulars from reliable sources regarding the killing of the son of the Indian chief. 30 miles east of Los Pinos Agency, September 29: About 7:30 in the evening two Indians came whooping into the freighters' camp of J. H. Jackson, calling him and his four drivers vile names and acting as though they intended to shoot. The Indian who is supposed to be killed fired one shot, when A. T. Jackson, nephew of J. H. Jackson fired at him. The next day the party were surrrounded by Indians who demanded the man who did the shooting the night before. Agent Berry, Mr. Meacham and Capt. Shelley then arrived with 15 soldiers, arrested the freighters and put them under a guard of two soldiers and 10 to 15 Indians over night. Previous to this J. H. Jackson requested protection from a Major, name unknown, who had 200 soldiers under him, but the Major replied that he "was not there to protect whites." The next morning the freighters were marched to Kline's Ranche, where the soldiers disarmed them, even taking their pocket knives, after which they were dismissed, the agent and officers stating that they were not in their jurisdiction. Thus these five men were left defenceless in an Indian country, denied protection from Government officers who had ample force and who knew the men had acted in self defense, excepting Col. Beaumont, who at the risk of censure by his superior officers, sent a sufficient force to escort them toward Saguache. On their arrival at Klin's Ranche Agent Berry told Jackson to obey Capt. Kline's instructions and they would be unharmed. Kline attempted to force them to proceed toward their destruction, which would have resulted in their death. Young Jackson, who did the shooting, gave himself up to Messrs. Kline, Hoyt, Holmes and one Indian, to be taken to Gunnison City for trial. These men took Jackson, without a guard, and started toward Gunnison City, and proceeded three miles, when they reported that the Indians overpowered them and took the prisoner, but it is asserted by a man who overheard their conversation that Kline, Hoyt and Holmes intended giving Jackson up to the Indians when they left Kline Ranch. The freighters begged the military officers for arms to protect themselves, but were refused. Steps are now being taken north of here to avenge Jackson's death as soon as it is definitely ascertained.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, etc., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Republican.*

GRANT VS. HANCOCK.

What the Candidate Has to Say in Reference to Gen. Grant's Recent Utterances.

New York, Oct 6.—A Telegram reporter to-day interviewed Gen. Hancock in reference to recent opinions expressed by Gen. Grant. He said: "Thus far my knowledge of what the General has actually said is confined to what may be called hearsay evidence. I have read what has been attributed to him as his utterances in the newspapers. Now, I shall take pains to ascertain from an authentative source just what Gen. Grant has said about me."

"Will you apply to him personally for information?"

"That would be the best course to pursue, I suppose. I mean to get at the truth."

"If you find that the ex President has really made assertions derogatory to your character will you make a reply?"

"Yes, if necessary."

"Then I am to understand that if Gen. Grant has assailed your character, as he is reported to have done, you will make a general denial?"

"I will certainly deny everything that is untrue. After I have sifted the matter to the bottom and have decided to reply, I will prepare a careful and comprehensive statement for publication.

"How much time will be required for you to hear personally from Gen. Grant in this matter?"

"I cannot say, but I shall loose no more time than I can help in getting at the bottom of the matter."

What reason have you for doubting that Gen. Grant has attacked your character?

"In the first place he lacked good grounds upon which to attack me, and in the second place he is an old soldier and a graduate of West Point. As such he could not, it seems to me, so far overstep the bounds of truth and gentlemanly propriety as to attempt to injure me, even in private conversation."

NEW YORK TACTICS

As Prescribed by Boss Kelly.

New York, Oct. 8.—There is prospect of trouble here on election day between Tammany Hall men and the United States election inspectors. At a Tammany Hall meeting last night John Kelly, Henry D. Purroy, and others made violent speeches, advising holders of 1868 naturalization certificates that if any of Davenport's men tried to take them away to 'knock 'em down."

Davenport was found in his office today by a Tribune reporter, and was asked for his opinion of John Kelly's advice to the holders of 1868 papers. He replied that he did not anticipate any trouble, because he thought wiser councils would prevail. It was well, however, that all persons should understand that the laws would be enforced to the last letter. In order that supervisors might thoroughly understand their duties and also that they would be fully protected in discharging them, Davenport said he had issued a circular, the substance of which is that the laws of the United States relating to elections will be enforced, by force if necessary. Supervisors are directed not to be intimidated. The general committee of Tammany met this evening in the wigwam on Fourteenth street, and it was generally understood that this would mainly occupy the attention of the braves for the evening, there was an unusually large attendance. Henry D. Purroy presided, and the bulky form of John Kelly filled a chair in the front row. The committee to advise what steps should be taken by citizens naturalized in 1868—when certificates might be taken from them by United States Supervisors when they offer themselves for registration—then presented the result of its labors in the shape of the opinion that the taking of certificates under such circumstances is the same as taking a man's watch or pocketbook, and declares that a man has really the same right to protect his certificate that he has to guard his watch or pocketbook; but lawyers advise against a fight at the place of registration. They suggest instead that persons aggrieved by seizure of their naturalization certificates should apply to one of the United States Commissioners for a warrant of arrest against the alleged offending Supervisors.

THE BALLOT BOX STUFFERS

Are Here in Full Force.

Columbus, Oct. 7.—A private detective in this City has located quite a number of the repeaters in the South End, at the Zetter House in the Fifth Ward, and at a boarding house on Front street. A great many are secreted around the depot, and it is now thought that fully 200 are in the City. Several of the gangs have been spotted, and the numbers of the houses in which they are stopping have been taken. One McMullen, of Philadelphia, in Randall's District, gave it away that he had received a telegram from here from Sam Randall when he was in Columbus last Sunday telling him to come on with his men.

Chairman Nash on being asked what must be done to counteract the effect of these stuffers, said "Of course we have some plan of action, which it would not be policy to make public at present, but my idea is for the best class of Republicans to go to the polls on election day. Go there when they open and stay there till they close. The influence of respectable men being there would have a tendency to prevent unfairness. If they work they can stop this thing, but if they stay around home and let the bummers run the election it is gone up. Every man must be willing to work, and work hard."

LYNCH LAW IN UTAH.

A Murderer Taken Out of Jail and Hanged—An Important Conference.

Salt Lake, Oct. 7.—Thomas Forrest, who fatally stabbed Michael Corbis for discharging him from employment at the California mine, Silver Reef, was taken out of jail night before last by masked men and hanged.

The conference of the Surveyors General of the Western States and Territories, called by Commissioner Williamson, organized yesterday, Nevada, California, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Dakotah and Minnesota being represented. It is hoped to arrive, by discussion, at an agreement touching needed reforms in land laws and a system of surveying. Gen. Williamson has arrived and will attend the Conference.

IT COSTS TOO MUCH

To Buy Votes in Washington.

Washington, Oct. 7.—The Democratic Committee has been overrun with applications from individuals who want to go home to vote, but who haven't the money to pay their fares. The Committee sent a number of Indians men, but have shut down on any further application, and to day declined the request of an individual who said he could influence 20 votes for the Democratic ticket. It was suggested by an observing Indianian, at present in Washington, that the Committee thought $18 (the fare per head to Indiana) too much to pay for a single vote, when they could purchase three for that price at the seat of war.

Shot Dead.

San Francisco, Oct. 7.—Michael J. McDonald, head salesman of Blake, Robbins & Co., was shot dead in a saloon yesterday by Wm. Barrington, a porter for Dickson, Dewolf & Co. The murderer appears to have been either insane or a victim to delirium tremens, as he professes to be unacquainted with his victim.

No More Mire or Buchu.

After the sufferer from a trouble of the kidneys has been drenched with buchu, mire and all sorts of diuretic, he or she will find a certain cure in Kidney-Wort. The stomach recovers tone, and evacuations become regular.

SOUTHERN BULLDOZING

Checked by a Grand Jury.

Richmond Oct 8.—The Grand Jury of the U S Circuit Court to day brought in a true bill of indictment against Wm. H. Pond, for corruptly endeavoring to intimidate J. B. Davis (colored) in the discharge of his duty as a witness in the U. S. Court. Davis gave the information which led to the arrest of Pond on a charge of selling whisky without license. Pond then procured Davis' arrest upon a warrant in which he was charged with obtaining goods from a colored man by false pretenses. Davis was convicted and sentenced to 39 lashes and to be imprisoned six months. The evidence shows that Davis was whipped with very great cruelty, his life for a while being despaired of, and that he was convicted by a magistrate without hearing the evidence of any trial, who declared to the prisoner at the time of his conviction that he would show him how to report gentlemen to revenue officers. Davis, while in jail, was several times shot at, but by whom the evidence does not show. The party from whom it was charged Davis stole, said he never made a complaint, and that he always regarded him as a man of good character. Davis has been released, as petit larceny can only be punished by stripes, by the law of Virginia.

The Grand Jury to-day indicted Pond for corruptly swearing on the warrant against Davis with a view to deter him from testifying against him in a revenue case when it shall be called in the U. S. Court. It is expected indictments against other persons for complicity with Pond in endeavoring to intimidate Davis in the discharge of his duty as witness will be found by the Grand Jury at the present term. The Grand Jury consisted of eighteen citizens, six of whom are Democrats.

ENGLISH FREE TRADERS

Working in This Country.

New York, Oct. 7.—The Tribune has the following communication in regard to the presence of English free traders at work in the present campaign:

That the English free traders have agents actively and personally engaged in this country was demonstrated a few days ago by a conversation in a public restaurant between two Englishmen who sat at the same table with a reporter who was a stranger to them. Their conversation relative to their travels in this country for several months past did not attract his attention particularly until one of them remarked: "If we don't succeed in getting the tariff removed we will have to retaliate and put a duty on the cheese and butter and beef that America is shipping to us."

Subsequent remarks fully revealed that they were engaged here ostensibly as agents of English houses deeply interested in the repeal of our protective tariff and the substitution of a tariff for revenue only.

KINGS MOUNTAIN

Exercises at the Monument Unveiling.

Charleston, N. C. Oct. 8.—Twelve thousand people assembled at King's Mountain yesterday. The exercises commenced with a National salute at sunrise, and at 10 o'clock a review of all the troops was held by Gen. Hunt of the United States Army, after which a large assemblage crowded around the speaker's stand. A lyric poem written by Mrs. Clara Dargan McLean was sung by a choir led by the Fifth United States Artillery Band. An ode by Paul H. Hayne was read by Col. Chas. C. Jones, and Jno. W. Daniel then delivered the oration. After the speaking a procession was formed and marched to the monument, which was unveiled by four young ladies supported by Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, Holloway, of Virginia, Jeter, of South Carolina and Gen. Campdell, of Tennessee, the vast audience singing the doxology. At 5 o'clock a dress parade was held and at night the ceremonies were concluded by a grand pyrotechnic display.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Torn Down in Kentucky.

Cincinnati, Oct. 8.—The Commercial's special from Falmouth, Ky., says: Yesterday the American flag was hoisted in honor of the Convention, which convened at this place. It was thought by Republicans here that there would be no danger to the Nation's flag to leave it floating during the dark hours of night. But imagine the surprise and consternation of loyal citizens of this county when on arising this morning it was found that the stars and stripes had been cut down and leveled with the dust. This is an act which cannot be condemned too much. The loyal people of Kentucky hope to see the day when the Nation's flag will be honored both North and South.

THE BOYS IN BLUE

Reunion and Rally at Indianapolis a Grand Success.

Indianapolis, Oct. 8.—The reunion and rally of the Boys in Blue in this City to-day is a grand success, and an immense crowd of people is in attendance. The streets on the line of march are literally packed. The parade commenced moving at 12 o'clock, and was one hour and 15 minutes in passing a given point. A number of leading manufacturers and business houses were represented in the procession. The streets on the line of march were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. This afternoon will be devoted to speaking. Senator Conkling, Hon. Emory Storrs and Postmaster General Maynard and other prominent speakers will deliver addresses.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The Porte's Note.

Constantinople Oct. 7.—The note presented to the Ambassadors Monday, says the Porte undertakes to cede Dulcigno and cause it to be evacuated, while maintaining statu quo as regards the line of frontier. As soon as the Powers give the assurance to the Porte demanded in its previous note, the Porte will inform the local populace that they are free to remain or emigrate. If the Porte's efforts to cede Dulcigno fail, the troops and local authorities will retire to the frontier. The Porte, however, will be in nowise responsible for any complications which may arise at the scene of such failure.

THE GEORGIA ELECTIONS

Result in Favor of Colquitt.

Augusta, Oct. 7.—Specials to the Chronicle from all sections in Georgia, indicate Colquitt's election by between 40,000 and 50,000 majority. The colored vote was largely for him everywhere. The full State ticket is elected, Renfroe, the present treasurer and independent candidate, getting a good vote in some places. The Republicans made some gains in the General Assembly, and the majority of the next Legislature is conjectured to be in favor of Sen. Joseph E. Brown's re-election. Election quiet, the poll tax challenge not being vigorously enforced.

Large Casting.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 7.—The Black Diamond Steel Works, Park Bros. & Co. have turned out the largest casting ever made in the United States. It was an anvil block for a 17 ton steam hammer, and weighed 160 tons. Five furnaces were built specially for this work, and it occupied seven hours in running the metal. The block is eleven feet high by eight by ten and it will require four months too cool before it can be handled. The next largest hammer is in Nashua, New Hampshire, and weighs ten tons.

Foreign Missions.

Lowell, Mass., Oct. 8.—At the farewell meeting of the American Board, held this morning, reports of various missions were read, and it was stated that the estimates from foreign fields call for $660,000 to prosecute the work next year. Several missionaries were introduced, who are about to leave for foreign shores. The Convention terminated with prayer, a hymn and benediction.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE

In a New Role.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Adj. Gen. Drum, who is acting as Chief of the Signal Bureau has just begun a special weather report for the sugar growing interests of Louisiana by which the probable appearance of frost in that locality will be fully anticipated. These reports are to be continued till Jan. 1. Gov. Wiltz in a letter thanking him for this service, says that it will prove of great value to sugar-planters, and will save them many thousands of dollars every Fall. Gen Drum also has commenced a plan, which will be more fully developed next year, of special reports on rain for the cotton belt of the South, the general dissemination of which information will be left to planters and factors. A further increase in the efficiency and usefulness of the weather bureau for the shipping ports of the Atlantic is now under consideration.

DOUBLE MURDER

In the Office of a Justice.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 8.—Last Wednesday at Concordia, Bolivar County, Miss., a difficulty occurred between B. F. Owen, Justice of the Peace, and J. W. Glover, a farmer. Owen was holding his court, Glover made a disturbance and was ordered under arrest by Owen. Pistols were at once drawn by both and firing commenced by each. Owen fell dead. Glover ran about 300 yards and fell. He died after lingering eight hours. Both were young men of good standing in the community.

IRELAND.

Landlords Afraid of Their Lives.

Dublin, Oct. 8.—The Lord Lieutenant to day received 50 members of the Landlords' Association, who impressed upon the Government the urgent necessity of immediate steps for their protection. The proceedings at the reception were strictly private, as the landlords present had statements to make which they would not venture to make in public. Some said they were themselves in danger of assassination in consequence of the Land League agitation; some pointed out persons in the room whose lives were in imminent peril, and some told the Lord Lieutenant that they might not get home alive.

ROME.

The Pope Displeased with Archbishop McCloskey.

London, Oct. 7.—A correspondent of the Standard telegraphs from Rome: The Pope has nominated a coadjutor with right of future succession to Archbishop McCloskey of New York, in order to permit the latter to leave his diocese. The Pope is displeased with Archbishop McCloskey for participating in the reception of Parnell, the Irish agitator, and that displeasure will be manifested if the Archbishop comes to Rome."

FRANCE.

The Panama Canal.

Paris, Oct. 8.—De Lesseps announced at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences that the operation for carrying out the scheme of the Panama Canal are about to be begun, under the auspices of a syndicate composed of the principal financial establishments of America and Europe.

Gossip About Maine Politicians.

Washington, Oct. 7.—It is among the political gossip that Eugene Hale will soon leave the State and go to Michigan to attend to the estate of the late Senator Chandler, his father-in-law; that Congressman Reed will be the candidate for United States Senator, and that Frye will continue in the lower House of Congress. It is well known that Mr. Hamlin will not be a candidate for re election. He expressed his intention quite a year ago of retiring to private life, but he was called into the campaign last year and this, but now retires without doubt.

Gen. Ewing.

Washington, Oct. 7.—A dispatch received in Washington to-day states that Gen. Thomas Ewing, who has been ill with malarial fever at Tucson, Arizona, has sufficiently recovered to ride out and hopes to reach Ohio by the 25th of October.

Elephants on a Bender.

San Francisco Post.

An exciting but luckily harmless incident, which happened to W. W. Cole's circus, now en route to this city, is thus detailed by W. H. Hayden, the managing advance agent. In going from Nevada to Colfax a part of the circus went by rail, a distance of 17 miles, while another part went across the country, which is only 13 miles. In the latter body were the elephants, three of which got loose and went on a passar on their own account. Three days elapsed before they were recaptured, though their tracks were closely, followed by men on horseback.

During their pedestrian jamboree they went through an Indian camp at night, but never woke up a single soul; tore up fences, went through orchards, consumed quantities of fruit, took a run of three miles down the railroad track, and as far as known were not seen by any one in the district, which is well settled up. Uprooted fruit trees testified to their love of fun, and the number of fences which had to be rebuilt after their "bender" is incalculable. They appear to have been good natured all the time, but to have traveled mostly at night, and rested during the day in the woods.

Gen. Weaver Says Fusion Will be Beaten 25,000 in Maine.

Indianapolis Journal Interview with Gen. J. B. Weaver.

"Are the Maine Nationals favoring Fusion in other States beside their own?"

"We are opposed to fusion everywhere, because it is not for the interest of our party. We want a straight-out vote."

"The Democrats of his State are trying very hard to induce Gen. Plaisted to come out here and speak in their behalf, and say that he has promised he will come. Do you think that likely?"

"I have not seen Gen. Plaisted since the Maine election to have any conversation with him; but I do not think it at all likely he will come here in the Democratic interest. If Gen. Plaisted comes to Indiana to promote a fusion of the Nationals with the Democrats, I should say that he was a traitor to his party. But I have no wish to mix in our State's politics. That is not my object in coming to Indiana."

"Will the fusion electoral ticket be successful in Maine?"

"No, sir; that fusion ticket cannot come within 25,000 votes of being elected. I have been all through Maine, have mixed with our people, and know what I am talking about."

"What strength does the ticket headed by Solon Chase represent?"

"It represents the National party in Maine."

"Do you still intend visiting the Southern States, as you intimated when interviewed by the *Journal* during your last visit to Indianapolis?"

"No. I have no time to waste by going South. I shall only have time to canvass Indiana, Illinois and my own State (Iowa), and besides, I have come to the conclusion there is no use in making a canvass in the South, when there is no possible chance of getting the votes counted."

—Elixir Vita for Women.—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.

No mirror ever yet threw back
A more repulsive sight,
Than teeth that are decayed and black,
Or one more pure and bright
Than rows of pearls, that all may vaunt
Who put their faith in Sozodont.

Canvassers make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for R. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for catalog and terms.

GEN. GRANT ON HANCOCK.

A Highly Important Interview With the Ex-President.

Why Gen. Grant Was Willing to be President Again—The Inside History of Order No. 40—His Views About Hancock—President Johnson—What the Louisiana Rebels Offered for One Day's Power—The Levee Bond Job—Phil. Sheridan—Sen. Conkling.

Letter from Rev. C. H. Fowler, D. D., to the Cincinnati Gazette.

Galena, Ill., Sept. 21.—I have just returned from a protracted call upon Gen. Grant. I went with Brother Crumb, Grant's pastor. When we were introduced into his library we found him at his desk writing. He rose, and calling my name said, "I have not seen you since we met at the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly." He was very free, and full of talk. He talked about the political situation, canvassing the country and the men with great freedom. When I said to him, "I suppose everybody tells you that he wanted to see you on the track," he said, "Yes, many; but not everybody. If everybody had wanted to see me on the track I would have been there." I said, "I am sorry for the country that you are not there, not for your comfort or fame, but for the country." He said, "Not for my comfort, I am glad to be released from the care. There were three reasons why I would have accepted the nomination:

"First—On account of the character of the men who urged it. I esteem their respect and confidence more than the nomination.

"Second—I believe I could have broken up the solid South. Many life long Democrats in the South had given the strongest assurances of their cordial support, believing that I could deliver them from the evils of a solid South. Florida is a Republican State if they had a fair chance. The Republicans are so distributed that they can not secure a fair count, except in the north west corner of the State, where the negroes are chiefly centered, and where the society is like Georgia—is really a part of Georgia. While I would have received probably but 200 or 300 more votes from the State than Garfield will receive, those few are so located as to secure a fair count in that northwest corner. These are the substantial reasons.

"Third—There is another partial reason. I believe that I could have induced, from my knowledge of our consulates, the enactment of certain laws touching our commerce that would have given us control of much desirable commerce—for instance, in Mexico—instead of dealing with people who use only slave labor, and receive little or nothing but sterling in exchange."

He next discussed Hancock with great minuteness. He said: "I have known him for 40 years. He is a weak, vain man. He is the most selfish man I know. He could never endure to have anyone else receive any credit. Though he received all the mention from his superiors he deserved, and often more,

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

A storm at Buenos Ayres, lasting three days did much damage to shipping.

Buenos Ayres has been declared by the Senate to be the capitol of the Republic.

O'Leary has sailed for England to take part in the approaching pedestrian contest.

Gov. Cornell's physician forbids his return to Albany until cold weather sets in.

Over 12,000 bushels of grain were shipped to Europe in September, employing 300 vessels.

Benjamin Farley, late Captain of the 7th Indiana Cavalry, died at Union City, Monday, aged 68.

Sherman telegraphs that President Hayes and his party will not return till the 7th of November.

Mr. Beecher, on Sunday, entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his ministrations at Plymouth Church.

Samuel Smith, the oldest Baptist clergyman in West Virginia, died at Parkersburg, Monday.

Democratic roughs from Palladelphia are invading Indiana. Fifty have been spotted in Indianapolis.

The Indiana State Fair this year has been a great success. Over 25,000 visited the grounds Monday.

The faculty of Oberlin College have decided that the use of tobacco by students will not be tolerated.

The epizootic is disappearing in New York. There are but few new cases and those are of the mildest form.

An American mowing machine took the first prize at a recent trial of Agricultural implements in Bulgaria.

The Republican Campaign Committees have sent out 10,000,000 pages of political documents since August 1.

Prof. Newton, of Yale, finds that Hartwig's comet is not that of 1812, and that it will not attain any great brilliancy.

The contract for building a ship canal across Cape Cod has been let to A. L. Fisher of New York, for $3,000,000.

The city of Athens is full of warlike bustle. The army daily gains in steadiness and bids fair to be a very effective force.

Germany will refuse to give any assistance to coercive measures against Turkey unless all the powers participate in them.

The Maine constitutional amendment providing for the election of Governor by a plurality vote was adopted by over 40,000 majority.

The colored people of North Carolina are to have a State Fair of their own at Raleigh, and Frederick Douglass is to deliver the address.

The woods of Kentucky along the line of the Big Sandy Railroad are full of escaped convicts, and farmers' wives and daughters dare not venture out of their houses.

The New York Historical Society proposes to erect a suitable memorial to Capt. Nathan Hale, upon the spot where he was hanged by the British, September 22, 1776.

Judge Henry Hilton, the executor of and successor to A. T. Stewart, the dry goods merchant of New York, declined the nomination to Congress tendered him by Democrats.

Ordinance Sergeant James Oliver, who had served 45 years in the United States army, died at Fort Vancouver a few days ago. He fought in the Black Hawk and Seminole wars.

The health of Count Henry Von Arnim, Bismarck's enemy, is considered most critical. His physician has declared that further imprisonment of his patient will endanger his life.

Maud Branscombe, the actress, has sued the New York *Times* for libel, placing her damages at $20,000. The offending article ridicules her birth, and, it is claimed, slanders her name.

The professional billiard players of the country have organized a National Association, with James Palmer, of Philadelphia, as President. In case of sickness, a member is to be paid $4 a week.

Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., sent to Mrs. Jesse R. Grant, as a wedding present, a conveyance of the furniture, tapestry, and works of art of his elegant suite of rooms in a fashionable apartment-house near Madison square.

The Treasury Department has ordered that on the 15th inst., the work of printing the internal revenue adhesive stamps be transferred from the Columbian Bank Note Co., of New York, to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington.

A special invitation has been tendered to the venerable Peter Cooper, of New York, to attend the approaching celebration at Baltimore. He will be received with special honors and made the guest of the city and of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

The Supreme Court of New York has just rendered a decision of great importance to farmers and drovers concerning the sale of diseased cattle. The decision is to the effect that he who sells diseased cattle forfeits the pay for them, and is liable in damages for the spread of the disease.

Miss Elizabeth Waite, a sister of Waite, the Brattleboro, Vt., defaulter, was sent to an asylum for the insane last Monday. It is supposed that her insanity is due to a loss of $10,000 which she and another sister sustained by Waite's appropriation of a life insurance fund which had been left them by will.

Two convicts have been discharged from the Ontario (Can.) prison, after serving two years, because of unquestioned proof that they were innocent of the burglary of which a jury had found them guilty. The case against them rested on the perjured testimony of a policeman, whose motive was revenge.

It is proposed to found, at Washington, in connection with the new National Museum, a National Zoological Garden, similar to those in London and Paris. The nucleus of the proposed collection will be a cage of American snakes, now in the Smithsonian Institution, where they are used in taking life casts in plaster.

John Cornelius, of Plumstead, Bucks county, Pa., fell dead as he was running home out of the rain. He was one of the "noble 600" who charged at Balaklava in '54. Although the "Charge of the Light Brigade" will be forever renowned in English song and story, grateful England allowed Cornelius to break stone on the road for the magnificent recompense of 25 cents a day.

THE COTTON CROP

Reports from the South.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 11.—The cotton report of the Memphis Cotton Exchange for the month of September embraces 135 responses from West Tennessee, North Arkansas, and North Mississippi. In 4 the weather is reported favorable, in 2 moderately favorable, in 128 very unfavorable on account of excessive rains and generally too cool compared with the same month last year. 4 report more favorable, 1 about the same, and 132 much less favorable.

Effect of weather on the crop: 2 report favorable, causing crops to mature and open freely; 133 report serious shedding of forms and small fruit; much rust, worms, and serious rotting.

Cotton damaged by worms, rust, rot, and storms: 3 report no damage, 123 report damage ranging from 5 to 45 per cent., averaging 18 per cent.

Cotton fruiting: 17 report having fruited well, 91 moderately, and 27 not well.

Damage by shedding: 21 report no serious shedding, 114 serious shedding, averaging 12 3/8 per cent. damage.

Picking progress: Estimates of picking, to close in September, ranges from 5 to 33 per cent., averaging 15 3/8 per cent.

Estimates of yield ranges from 200 to 2,600 pounds per acre, averaging 650 pounds seed cotton, as compared with last year, the average yield is 30 1-2 per cent. last.

THE ELECTION.

How It is Progressing.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 12.—A circuit of all polling places in town shows that voting commenced very early, and has been going actively forward ever since. The result is that a very large proportion of the vote is already in the boxes.

In one precinct, where the vote last Fall was 455 there have already been deposited 417 ballots, or very nearly the entire vote. In every other precinct over half of the votes are in, and in most of them two-thirds or three-fourths of the total.

The Republicans claim that this fact, together with the fine weather, works to their advantage, and they assert that they have made handsome gains. This claim the Democrats do not concede. Both parties are doing their utmost to poll their full strength, and it is likely that the City vote will be larger than ever before.

There has been no trouble at any polling place, and the business men, who have as a rule closed their places, stand about the polls to prevent any disturbance if attempted. Both parties are uniting to secure a fair and full expression of opinion, and the best of feeling seems to prevail.

Democrats claim to have evidence that two illegal votes have been cast by Republicans in one precinct.

The headquarters of the two parties are nearly deserted, but the interest is merely transferred to the polling places. Arrangements are completed for receiving returns to-night at the earliest possible hour.

Indiana.

INDIANOPOLIS, Oct. 12.—The election is passing off very quietly; no indications of disturbance from any quarter. Business is generally suspended, and a full vote will be polled. Only two or three arrests have been made by the police.

EVANSVILLE, Oct. 12.—The election is going on very quietly. Both parties are working very hard, and will poll a very large vote.

FORT WAYNE, Oct. 12.—All business houses are closed. The election is passing off quietly. The Republicans claim that they will reduce the Democratic majority in Allen County 500, and it is generally conceded that R. S. Taylor will be elected to Congress.

FATAL FIGHT.

The Sheriff of Shelbyville, Ind., Killed During a Political Row.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 11.—A serious row occurred at Shelbyville, Ind., yesterday afternoon, in which Sheriff McCorkle was fatally shot and has since died. Reports are conflicting as to the origin of the disturbance. Two public meetings were held in the town by Republicans and Greenbackers respectively. The former was addressed by Gen. Harrison and Congressman De La Matyr. During the afternoon a number of altercations occurred between the Democrats and Republicans but without serious result. At 4 P. M., a row took place in Hardbeck's saloon, between Democrats and Republicans, and Sheriff McCorkle quelled the disturbance, and had left the saloon and walked down the street with Edward Kennedy, a Re[illegible] who had been in the fracas in ch[illegible]. He advised Kennedy to go home, which the latter promised to do. At this time another general fight took place and a number of shots were fired, one of which struck the Sheriff in the breast, passed through the upper part of the left lung, resulting in his death at nine o'clock this morning.

Special Dispatch to the Indianapolis *Journal.*

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Oct. 11.—The excitement in this City to-day over McCorkle's untimely death, has never before been equaled. Great crowds have flocked into the City, and nothing else has been talked of. Flags have been hung at half-mast and the Court House has been draped in mourning.

Young Kennedy, who shot Sheriff McCorkle, has not been captured up to a late hour to-night. A reward of $1,000 has been offered for his arrest. Hundreds of men have been scouring the country the entire day in search of him.

Intensely bitter party feeling is thoroughly aroused. Leaders of both parties, however, are counseling for peace, but what the result of the matter will be cannot now be told. The excitement and bitter feeling in political circles has not been equaled for years. The streets are dotted with small knots of men, all giving vent to their sentiments. Outbreaks have been looked for constantly, and undoubtedly there would have been trouble had the saloons here been open or a supply of liquor on hand. The collision of the parties yesterday had the desired effect of uniting the Democrats, to a considerable extent, at least. All honorable people deplore the sad occurrence of yesterday and the demoralizing state of affairs that now exist in Shelby County, and hope that better feeling will soon be restored.

[The essential facts of our correspondent's first dispatch remains uncontradicted. On the other hand, we have it from other sources, perfectly reliable, that the infamous riots of Saturday were incited by Democrats, and the bummers and rowdies of that party urged on to commit all manner of outrages upon Republicans for the purpose of provoking collisions. The evident purpose was to involve Marshal Barger, Republican candidate for Sheriff, in one of the fights, in order that a friendly bullet might put a dangerous candidate out of the way. That the plot miscarried and McCorkle was made the victim was, so far as the Democrats were concerned, only another illustration of the danger of digging a pit for one's neighbor. The Democrats are making a terrible ado over the tragic affair, for the purpose of political effect. What are the facts? Simply these: McCorkle had arrested a hot headed young fellow—a youth of 17—who had been engaged in a free fight in a saloon. He had taken him down street a short distance and turned him loose, giving him permission to go home. At that instant the two were overtaken and surrounded by a mob of howling, drunken Democrats, numbering 100 or 200. The boy was alone—one against a multitude—and his life was in imminent peril. On the impulse of the moment he drew his pistol and fired. McCorkle was the victim. That is the whole story. McCorkle's death is due as much to the action of the drunken Democratic rowdies of Shelbyville as to the ill-timed shot of young Kennedy.—ED. JOURNAL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD.

Baltimore Celebrating the Anniversary in Great Style.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 11.—Baltimore commenced to-day the celebration of the settlement and founding of the City 150 years ago. The sun rose in a cloudless sky and in every respect the morning was most auspicious. At sunrise 100 guns were fired from the United States ships "Vandalia" and "Kearsage," lying in the harbor off Fort McHenry. The City in every direction was dressed in holiday attire and the principal streets embracing the line of march were brilliant with flags and streamers and beautiful banners. Before 8 o'clock the streets were filled with people and by 9 every inch of space on Baltimore street and the route of the procession was occupied. Hundreds of platforms, many of them seating several thousand persons, had been erected at many points, and all were crowded. It is impossible to estimate the vast number of people of every condition, old and young, men, women and children, who thronged the streets, balconies, windows and house tops for miles, all aglow with excitement, enthusiasm and patriotism.

The program for this, the opening day of the Jubilee was a grand procession to illustrate the history and progress of Baltimore in her life of 150 years in all branches of science, industry and trade. The Baltimore & Ohio Road reduced fares to Centennial rates, and the crowds coming in by regular and special trains are simply immense.

W. H. ENGLISH

To Be President in Case of Hancock's Election.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Considerable excitement has been caused here by the publication of the following extract from a private letter written to a friend in Iowa by an Army officer to Gen. Hancock's Department, and who for many years past has been near to and in the confidence of the General. The text is given verbatim, as it shows the writer's affection for his commanding General, and bears the marks of truth and sincerity. The letter says:

"GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1880.

"Gen. Hancock, the dear old man, is just now on the verge of desperation, and knows not which way to turn, or what to do. The glitter of the Presidency has turned his head, and the continued heat and turmoil of the campaign, with the differences between Northern and Southern Democrats (so strongly marked) to be equalized and adjusted, I fear will drive him stark mad. H., my dear boy, Hancock is no more fit for the President than a withered hemlock. I will be frank with you. It is true he knows nothing of the South, except the few polished and crafty leaders that call upon him here, and his brief acquaintance with the same class of men in 1867 at New Orleans. He means well enough, God bless him, but he cannot comprehend the crookedness of politics and those bred-in-the-bone politicians.

"And now, while on the subject, I will give you the secret of the Hancock move; and it is this: That Indiana disunionist, William H English, is to be the real President. Hancock is not expected to live out a fraction of his term, and that expectation, I am sorry to say, is founded on facts. Any digression from his regular habits is liable to bring on an apoplectic stroke. Strong symptoms have been twice exhibited since his nomination, and it is the verdict of all around him that his promotion to the Presidency will terminate his earthly career; but this fact has been and is most carefully guarded, for reasons you can readily discern. And now, dear boy, you have the inside of this Presidential business. With English as President, you can readily comprehend what those fellows of the South can accomplish.

The *Tribune* adds:

The above reads like a family letter, and comes from a member of Gen. Hancock's military family, and one who regards Gen. Hancock with something of the same affection a son feels for his father. We have the original note in our possession, with a private note from the receiver of it, authorizing its publication, but withholding the name of the writer for personal reasons.

THE GREAT EXCITEMENT

In Hoosierdom.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 11.—The political circles of Indianapolis were agog with rumors last night, and if reports are to be believed, there is fear of trouble Tuesday. It is claimed by the Republicans that the Democrats are engaging in a conspiracy to perpetrate the basest frauds at the election to-morrow. For weeks past the Democrats have been making threats that the authority of United States Marshal Dudley would be disputed in the most vigorous manner in case he placed his deputies at the polls. As an evidence of the fact that they do contemplate resisting the enforcement of law by the proper authorities, it is stated on what is positively reliable authority that six companies of militia were formed to-day of companies who have gone through the campaign as Hancock and English Clubs. It is intended to have these embryo troops take possession of the polls on opening them in the morning and openly bull doze colored voters after the good old Democratic method pursued in the South.

The greatest excitement prevails on the part of the citizens, who are called upon by the Journal of to-day to meet at the Court House this forenoon, irrespective of party, for the purpose of agreeing upon a plan to enforce the observance of their rights at the polls without interference from any organized bodies. The Republicans have demanded the meeting and are determined to leave no stone unturned to secure a peaceable election. Their efforts in this direction seem to have had some effect, as it is understood that English, Barnum, Voorhees, Henricks, and others, met at the Democratic headquarters last evening to consider the situation and determined to attend the meeting themselves.

The City is literally overrun with thieves, thugs and ballot-box stuffers from Philadelphia, Baltimore and other Eastern Cities, and crowds additional continue to arrive by each train from the East. Detectives are here and in every Town in the State spotting the Democratic pests, and the names of over 700 of them have been reported to the Republican State Central Committee. The Journal and Sentinel each contain lists of names of these men, and each accuse the opposing party of conspiring to commit the grossest frauds. Reports from Shelbyville indicate a deplorable condition of affairs in that City. Sheriff McCorkle was killed there yesterday in a riot started by Democratic bruisers. Another riot, less disastrous, occurred at Greencastle the same day.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY

And Its Visit to the Pacific Slope.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—A Seattle dispatch says: The steamer Starr, with the Presidential party, steamed down the sound, and at Point Alki, five miles below Seattle, met a fleet of steam boats and tugs, and the revenue cutter "Wolcott," all decorated with flags and evergreens, and crowded with people. Introductions but no speeches followed. Rare in beauty and grandeur, all parties declared this parade of steamers the most novel and interesting attraction of their tour. Two unnamed snow mountains rising far north of Seattle, in the Cascade range, and visible from the bay were, by unanimous consent, christened, respectively, "Hayes and Ramsay." As the steamers neared the city a battery on shore boomed out the Presidential salute and was seconded by bells and steam whistles. The docks were crowded by thousands from the city and all parts of the Sound, who gave cheer after cheer. The President and others immediately on landing entered carriages and attended by an escort of the G. A. R. mounted marshals, headed by a band passed between files of citizens to the Occidental Hotel. Crowds filled the square in front of the hotel. Responding to calls, the party appeared on the balcony. Chief Justice Green, in behalf of the citizens, addressed the President, assuring him of a hearty welcome. The President on being introduced to the crowd which numbered fully 4,000, was greeted by three cheers and a tiger. After a few remarks the President introduced Sec. Ramsay, who made a short speech, and brought Gen. Sherman forward. At the mention of Sherman's name the enthusiasm reached the highest pitch, many in the crowd calling out that "they had been soldiers." The President took occasion to say that he was glad to see so many old soldiers and especially to thank the members of G. A. R. for their personal escort from the boat to the hotel. Gen. Sherman then addressed the crowd.

BUSINESS.

Chicago Business Men on the Political Situation.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—An address directed to the business men, manufacturers and mechanics of Ohio and Indiana has been circulated and largely signed to-day by business firms of this City. It requests them to vote the Republican ticket in that the present prosperous condition of business and manufacture may not be disturbed, and the Democratic party, which is declared to be the party of repudiation and dishonor, may not be given the reins of power. The address is signed by J. V. Farwell & Co., M. C. Henderson & Co., Franklin McVeagh and Durand Bros., W. T. Baker & Co., and 100 or more others of equal prominence.

NEW YORK.

The Boys in Blue Turn Out to Receive Grant—The City Ablaze With Enthusiasm.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The parade of the Boys in Blue and kindred Republican associations last night, in honor of Gen. Grant, was a brilliant and imposing spectacle. A feature of the demonstration was the number of business men and employes in line. The associations in the City parading were many in number and strong in membership. They were well reinforced by visiting clubs from a distance of 30 miles in every direction. Brooklyn sent a very large representation of political clubs, and New Jersey, Staten Island, Long Island, and Hudson River towns. Those on the line of the Harlem Railroad were scarcely behind. Every man carried a torch or lantern. Those who had direction of the procession made provision for the great numbers that participated, and all easily found the designated place to form preparatory to the march. Special trains were run from points 100 miles out of town and each were crowded with persons coming to view the spectacle. Brooklyn, Jersey City, and adjacent Cities and Towns contributed vast numbers of sight seers, who, supplementing the population of New York gave to the City a crowd and commotion it rarely possesses. Political headquarters, many hotels, business houses and residences were illuminated, while every window and shop and vantage ground from which could be had a view of the parade was filled with people.

Gen. Grant, leaning upon the arm of Gen. Chester A. Arthur, at 10:55 stepped upon the reviewing stand, where representative people had already gathered. Both gentlemen were enthusiastically cheered. At 11:30 the head of the procession reached the reviewing stand. It is estimated that between 40,000 and 50,000 men were in line.

THE MORMONS.

Brigham Young's Successor—Delegate Cannon.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 12.—The Mormon Conference, which adjourned yesterday, was chiefly notable for filling the first Presidency, vacant since Brigham Young died. John Taylor was elected President, with George F. Cannon as First and Joseph F. Smith as Second Counsellors. Cannon is a Delegate to Congress, and was renominated on the 7th inst. Joseph F. Smith is a nephew of the original Joseph F. Smith. Jno. Taylor was the ranking member of the Twelve Apostles. Cannon is regarded as the ruling spirit—the power behind the throne although Wilford Woodruff, ranking member of the Twelve Apostles, and not Cannon, is the heir apparent according to precedents.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

A Grand Success.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 11.—The St. Louis fair practically closed Saturday evening, but as none of the exhibits were removed a great crowd visited the grounds yesterday, and outside of the exhibitions in the arena, the people were quite as well satisfied as on any day during the week. The fair has been a greater financial success than was anticipated. The gate receipts up to last evening amounted to $70,000, and those of to-day and revenue from other sources will give a total of $100,000, leaving a handsome surplus over expenses.

A BURNING OIL CAR

Destroys a Passenger Train.

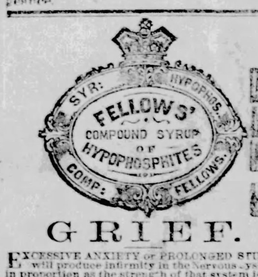
ST. LOUIS, Oct. 11.—The west-bound passenger train on the Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad ran through an open switch at Nokomis, Ill., 82 miles east of here, at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and collided with the rear of a freight train on a side track. Next to the caboose, which was demolished, was an oil car. This was bursted, and the contents taking fire, it and the wrecked caboose and the entire passenger train, consisting of baggage and express and mail car, two coaches and one sleeper, were entirely consumed. Conductor Brown, ing and the engineer of the passenger train were somewhat injured, but none of the passengers were hurt. After the collision the freight train, except the oil car and caboose, pulled out and escaped further damages. Loss probably $60,000 to $75,000.

To Examine the Bible.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—In the House of Deputies, Protestant Episcopal General Convention this forenoon Rev. Dr. Johnson offered a resolution providing that a committee composed of three bishops, three clergymen and three lawyers be appointed to examine the new English revision of the Bible and to report whether such revised Bible shall be adopted as the authorized revision of the church.

More Indian Trouble Apprehended.

DENVER, Oct. 9.—The following was received from Del Norte to-day: A Lieutenant of the Fourth Cavalry passing through here stated that at Rock Cliff a report had reached him that Jackson, the man who shot an Indian a few days ago, was found dead at the state. This tallies with the Indian threats, and is generally believed. Great excitement prevails, and the citizens threaten vengeance.



GRIEF.

EXCESSIVE ANXIETY or PROLONGED STUDY, will produce infirmity in the Nervous System, its prostration as the strength of that system is expended upon the mind in troubled thought, so are the organs of digestion, assimilation and nutrition rendered inactive or sluggish in proportion as the system becomes infirm. Every individual has some one organ weaker than the rest, and this is always the first to suffer during nervous prostration; for example, mental overwork sometimes causes total suspension of the muscular action of the heart, when the patient is debilitated, producing sudden hemorrhage and death. No doubt any longer remains of the practicability of restoring the nervous system, and through the nerves the muscles of the impaired organs. Fellows's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has been proved to possess such power in numerous instances. It will impart strength to overcome trouble and affliction. Persons who are accustomed to look upon the dark side, and who see no pleasure in living, on using this syrup soon learn to value and enjoy life, and those who study deeply during long hours, will find in the Syrup a promoter of the power of endurance in the brain.

☞ Look out for the name and address, J. I. FELLOWS, St. John, N. B., on the yellow wrapper in water mark, which is seen by holding the paper before the light.

Price, $1.50 per Bottle: Six for $7.50
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

K. S. L. 1880

Gives Everybody a Chance to Make Something Out of His Investment In the Drawing of

OCTOBER 30.

There are no less than 1,876 Prizes, Amounting Together to $60,700.
1st Prize, $5,000.
2d Prize, $5,000.
3d Prize, $2,500.
And Whole Tickets Only $1.
Address All Orders to
M. J. RICHMOND,
Covington, Ky., or
C. UPINGTON,
599 Broadway, N. Y.
THE NEXT FOLLOWING DRAWING NOV. 15.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12, 1880.

Financial.

The New York bank statement of Saturday showed some important changes, the loans being increased over $4,000,000, and the amount of specie nearly $2,000,000. The loss in the surplus reserve was $31,350, but the banks still hold over $4,000,000 in excess of legal requirements. The following is the statement, as compared with the week previous:

	Oct. 2.	Oct. 9.
Loans	$300,328,600	$313,971,300
Specie	65,250,900	66,997,200
Legal tenders	13,046,300	12,623,600
Deposits	295,611,400	301,013,600
Circulation	18,630,700	18,573,700

Money has been easy at 2@3 per cent. for call loans on pledge of stock collateral, and 2 per cent. on United States bonds.

The foreign advices reported British Consols at London steady and unchanged. In United States Government bonds new 4s declined from 111¾@111¾ to 111 and 4½s from 112¾ to 112@112½; new 5s were steady at 105¾; American railway securities were inactive; Erie common declined from 40¾ to 40⅛; do. consolidated Seconds from 92½ to 92¼; Illinois Central from 116¾ to 115, and Pennsylvania from 60⅜@60¼ to 60⅛. Bar silver was steady at 53½d per ounce. At Paris Rentes advanced from 87., 75c. to 84f., 80c. The Sterling Exchange market was dull, there being very little inquiry for bills of any class. Rates for actual transactions were as follows: $4 80¾ to $4 81 for 60-day bills; $4 83¼ to $4 83½ for demand; $4 83½ to $4 83¾ for cable transfers; $4 78½ to $4 79¼ for commercial bills.

The imports at New York for the week ending Saturday aggregated $8,849,258, of which $6,494,072 consisted of general merchandise and the remainder of dry goods.

Money—easy at 2@3 per cent. per annum, closing at —; prime mercantile paper 4½@5½.

Government bonds lower and quiet.

Railroad bonds generally higher.

State securities dull, generally firm.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri.	Sat
Old Tennessee's	37¼	38	34	37¼	35	35
New Tennessee's	31¾	30	30	30½	31¼	31¼
Old Virginia's	27	26	25	26	26	27
New Virginia's	27	27	26	27	26	27
Missouri's	108¼	109	109¼	109¼	109	109

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri.	Sat.
U. S. 6's, '81	104¾	104¼	104¼	104⅛	104¾	105⅛
U. S. 5's, '67	102¾	102½	102½	102⅜	102⅝	102⅝
U. S. new 4½'s	108½	108⅜	108⅜	108⅜	108¼	108¾
U. S. new 4's	107¾	107¾	107⅝	107¼	107¾	107⅜
Currency 6's	128	128	128	128	128	128
Sterling, sight	483¼	483½	483¾	483½	483¾	483¾
Sterling, 60's	481	480¾	481	480¾	481	481

DRY GOODS.

In the general trade the distribution by jobbers at all points proved very satisfactory, the movement being steady and values firm. The volume of trade thus far this season has reached larger proportions than that of last year, and the indications are that the consumptive demand will continue unusually late. Toledo jobbers report a good trade, with prevailing steadiness. Cotton goods of all kinds have been growing in firmness. Print cloths move fairly well. Prints have been in good order request. Dress goods have a better distribution. Woolen goods are moving more briskly. The near approach of the election has prevented many merchants from appearing in the market who will lay in stock as soon as the excitement is over. A quick trade is looked for toward the latter part of the week. Warm weather has also kept merchants out of the market to a certain extent, so that every indication points to an extended trade and firm prices in the near future.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The trade in boots and shoes will virtually close in Boston by the last of October. In wax and kip boots during the past week the trade was brisk and factories were run to their full extent. So urgent was the demand that manufacturers had difficulty to meet the calls made upon them. Some good sized orders were received for split boots and shoes, mostly from the South. Orders for women's grain, polish and polkas were light. There is still a fair amount of new orders coming in for brogans and plow shoes, but only in such as jobbers want and can dispose of. In serge, kid, goat and morroco the trade is nearly over. Trade in calf boots quiet. In Philadelphia activity continues in all the manufactories, and heavy orders have recently been received. In New York a slightly increased demand ruled in all branches. The manufacturers are still very busy in filling duplicate orders from the outside trade.

HARDWARE, ETC.

The volume of trade continues quite large. Prices are very steady. No changes of importance have taken place during the past week.

GROCERIES.

The San Francisco Commercial Herald has the following concerning the sugar interest on the Pacific coast: We have in the Sandwich Islands a field as yet hardly touched. A few years since it was pretended that 25,000,000 lbs was the limit of production there, but it has now advanced to 70,000,000 lbs, and there is practically, as far as we are concerned, but little limit to the production. At two tons to the acre, 500 square miles would produce 640,000 tons, or 1,333,000,000 lbs—over two-thirds of the total consumption of the United States at present. It may be seen therefore, that the islands are in the not distant future to become an important source of supplies for the whole of the United States. Sugar will doubtless be cheaper here, but the demand for it will be greater, and San Francisco will become the great entre port of the coast. There are vast fortunes to be made in growing it, selling it, and refining it, and it will be more of a bonanza to this city than ever any on the Comstock was, because it will be enduring.

The latest mail advices indicate a light demand in a general way. Coffee—Demand extremely light for Brazil. In other kinds of coffee there has been a light trade during the week. Sugars—Raw, quotations nominal. Refiners have had a dull trade. The offerings of crushed and cut loaf have been small, and these grades are held at relatively higher figures. Molasses—Sugar house dull and nominal. Syrup quiet and lower. Rice—market easier at low figures. Advices from the Carolinas report a weak market.

Telegraphic reports say the market for various kinds of sugar is irregular in value. Coffees easy. Teas quiet. Fruits more active.

WOOL.

The market for wool in Boston has been comparatively quiet this week, although the aggregate sales foot up a fair average. Both in goods and wool buyers operate cautiously, purchasing only for present wants, and in consequence the business in both is rather disappointing. With 50,000,000 people to clothe, the consumption, however, goes on, and there is still a confident feeling that all available supplies will be wanted before the season closes. There is, however, at present an unmistakeable indifference on the part of manufacturers, while holders of wool are about as indifferent sellers of good and desirable lots. It will be a relief to the wool market, and to business generally, when the political contest is over, as at present it is one of the distracting influences that make buyers move cautiously, both in goods and raw material. The advices from abroad continue to be of the most favorable character, but at the same time these advices appear to have no influence whatever on our market.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania XXX, XXX and No. 1, 43½@47c; Michigan X and No. 1, 39½@42c; combing and delaine fleeces, 44@50c; Territory, 18@37c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 18@40c; California spring, 23½@33c; California fall, 19c; scoured, 46@82c; super and X pulled, 40@50c; rolls, 49@73c.

HIDES—LEATHER.

The market for hides shows slight weakness, and a factional decline is expected.

The general market for leather is quiet but steady. Calf skins in most centres of distribution are in fair request.

The BLADE's telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the crops, is as follows:

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The Mark Lane Express in its review of the British grain trade for the past week, says: In consequence of heavy rains throughout England, remnants of the crops still outstanding must be considered of no marketable value. Threshing has been entirely suspended. Wheat in stock has suffered somewhat. The present position is favorable for an advance in all kinds of British grain. The market has been decidedly in favor of sellers. Friday there was a very small supply of English wheats, particularly marketable qualities. These have been tending upward during the week and sold steadily at 1s. ₱ qr. above Monday's rates. Damp and inferior qualities are very difficult to sell. There was a good consumptive demand for flour, but the advance of 6d@1s ₱ sack was paid very unwillingly. Barley 6d@1s dearer on the week, and Oats 6d dearer. Provincial markets are very firm. By Saturday the advance on best wheats and barleys, in many instances was 2s on the week. The course of trade in foreign is influenced by small arrivals, and the active continental demand has been similar. American reds and foreign whites generally advanced 1s. The demand, however, was purely consumptive. Indian and Australian strongly held for an advance. Finest flour 1@2s ₱ sack dearer, but there was not much activity. Maize and Oats advanced 6d. Sales of English wheat for the past week, 50,110 qrs. at 41s ₱ qr, against 19,361 qrs. at 48s.8d for the corresponding period last year. Imports into the United Kingdom during the week ending Oct. 2 were 875,571 cwts. wheat and 168,758 cwts. flour.

The BLADE has steadily contended that the out-turn of the wheat crop of 1880 would fall much below the calculations of the usually reliable statisticians who placed it at 500 millions of bushels, and which amount was widely accepted as approximating very nearly correct figures. After carefully sifting all the intelligence that came to hand relative to the harvest of the year, the commercial editor of this paper said that it seemed certain that the crop would not exceed 475 to 480 millions of bushels, which was considered by many entirely too low an estimate. But as time sufficient has elapsed to reach a more substantial basis for correctness than when the harvest was in progress, it looks as if even the BLADE estimate was too high. A New York special of the 8th inst gives reports to Broadstreet from the entire wheat growing regions of the United States, down to Sept. 25, which indicates that the total out-turn of wheat for 1880 has been greatly over-estimated and will not be in excess of 385,691,000 bushels. The dispatch says: "A general summary of the wheat crop for 1880, with reference to territorial divisions, is as follows:

	Bushels.
Western States	338,067,000
Southern States	41,929,000
California and Oregon	38,000,000
Middle States	36,595,000
Colorado, Nevada and the territories	10,000,000
New England	1,000,000
Grand total	465,691,000

"The earlier estimates of the wheat crop of the United States for 1880 varied from 475,000 to 500,000,000 bushels. Some few conservative heads hesitated, and refused to credit the estimates; but the belief that the out-turn would reach 490,000,000 or 500,000,000 bushels gained wide acceptance. This was before the threshing. Before the threshing of 1879 the estimates varied from 475,000,000 to 500,000,000 bushels, but when the time came to measure the grain it was seen that the early estimates of the yield when under the reaper or in the shock were wide of the mark.

"The final estimates of the wheat crop for the last four years by the agricultural bureau were as follows:

	Bushels.
1876–77	289,350,000
1877–78	364,194,116
1878–79	430,122,000
1879–80	448,756,118

As to prices the BLADE has held that they should necessarily rule higher, giving reasons therefore, and its predictions both as to the out-turn and values have been fully realized. When on September 7, 1880, No. 2 Red Wabash Wheat for prompt delivery, sold in this market at 94¾c there were those who claimed that it would go yet lower, but the price has steadily tended up both in Europe and America, with but little depression at any time, until yesterday afternoon, when an ugly break occurred, which might have been expected, considering the too rapid rise in values of the previous two regular sessions. As compared with September 7, No. 2 Red Wabash is 6¾c higher. The indications are that for some time to come at least Wheat will not touch a point as low as it was a fortnight since.

Special reports from London and Liverpool to-day are as follows:

LONDON, Oct. 12—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat firm, fair inquiry. Arrived Corn firm, nothing doing. To arrive Wheat rather easier. To arrive Corn steady.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 12—1:00 P. M.—Wheat firm, fair inquiry. Corn strong. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat and Corn in fair demand.

The following is an epitome of the market reports received by the BLADE to-day: Baltimore Western Wheat lower and weak. Corn—Western quiet and steady. Oats dull. New York—Wheat feverish, unsettled and 1@1¾c lower. Corn heavy and ¼@¾c lower. Oats in buyers' favor. St. Louis—Wheat unsettled and lower. Corn steady. Oats dull. Milwaukee—Wheat declined ⅝@⅞c; the noon board closed strong. Corn firm. Oats firm. Detroit—Wheat steady. Buffalo—Wheat active at a decline. Corn unsettled. Oats nominal. Chicago—Wheat irregular and lower. Corn steady. Oats a shade higher.

No. 2 Red Wabash for present delivery was recorded at 97¾c on Tuesday of last week, and on Wednesday 97⅜c was paid; on Thursday it rose to 98½c; on Friday it again strengthened to 99½c; on Saturday it went up to 103¾c, and yesterday 105c was the ruling figure. To-day the price receded to 101c, a decline of 4c as compared with yesterday, and an improvement over this day week of 3¾c.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange the market for cash Wheat opened considerable below yesterday, and held evenly throughout. Spot Amber sold in two lots at 101c, 4c below the close of the previous board. No. 2 Amber, 98c.

White Wheats went light. No. 1 White Michigan brought 99@100c, outside at the close, 4c depressed. No. 3 White Wabash, one deal at 98¼c, 4¾c lower.

There was a little more Red Wheat for cash sold than on yesterday, and prices were lower, but steady. No. 2 Red Wabash was placed at 101c, with a single sale in the interim at 101¼c. This marks a falling off of 4c. To arrive, 101c. No. 3 Red Wheat sold steadily at 98½c, 4¾c less than at the previous day's session.

The following will show the price of the leading grades of spot wheat in this market for the days named, week ending Monday, Oct. 11:

| | Tues. | Wed. | Thurs.